

Ten Illustrated Articles! Twenty-seven Contributions!

Vol- 3.

MAY.

No- 5.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LIT-
ERATURE & ART



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*As a temporary change from the Continued Story feature, The Midland Monthly
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TWO-NUMBER STORIES,

The Next Two of these Two-number Stories, with the time of their Appearing,
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II. "Belle's Roses," by E. Hough, of Chicago, western representative of *The Forest and Stream*, a famous word-painter of the out-door life of the middle and farther West. "Belle's Roses" will on its artistic merits command enthusiastic praise from the most conservative. It presents in vivid contrast the perils of army life on the frontier and of a heart encounter at an Eastern summer resort. It will appear in the June and July Numbers.

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DES MOINES, IOWA.



From Original Painting, by William Sartain, with the Artist's Permission.

NUBIAN SHEIK.

See "A Pioneer Art Loan Exhibition," page 424.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME III.

MAY, 1895.

NUMBER 5.

THE SWITZERLAND OF IOWA.

By SAMUEL CALVIN.

MOST readers of THE MIDLAND regard Iowa as rich in geological resources, fertile as to soils, happy in a climate which escapes the depressing influence of both extremes, but, so far as relates to natural scenery, tame and monotonous. The expanses of rich prairie land are beautiful enough in their way, and the belts of timber that follow the ramifications of the watercourses have shifting, seasonal charms peculiarly their own; but the picturesque ruggedness that characterized the outlook from the old home in New England or New York is greatly missed, and is not fully compensated for by long vistas of corn-fields and pastures, even though these betoken

a land of intelligence, of peace, and of uninterrupted prosperity.

Many causes have combined to produce the average Iowa landscape, but the most potent factor is to be found in the great ice sheet or succession of ice sheets, that in recent times, so the geologists tell us, overspread all the region from the eastern part of Nebraska to the Atlantic ocean, and from the latitude of Saint Louis northward to the pole. Remnants of this great ice sheet still persist in the mountain glaciers of the United States, Alaska and British America, as well as in the glaciers of almost continental extent that hold Greenland in fetters of ice. This glacial period with its ice streams



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

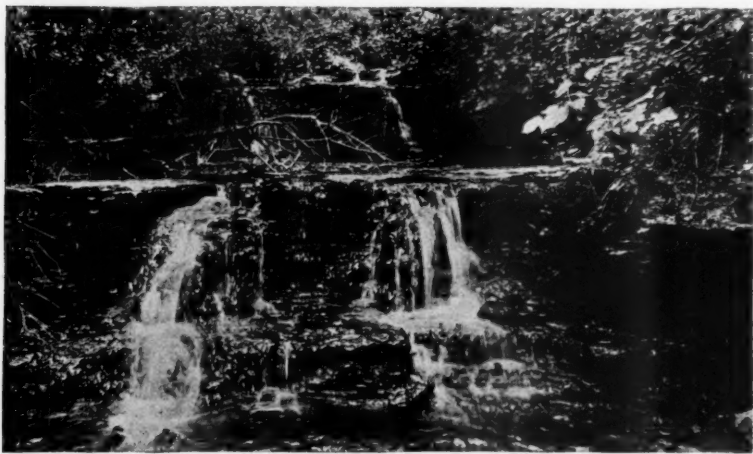
"Sometimes the springs issue high up on the hillsides."

THE WATERFALL OF THE DEVIL'S DEN, FOUR MILES SOUTH OF WAUKON. THE WATER ISSUES FROM A CAVERN IN THE FACE OF A BLUFF OF TRENTON LIMESTONE.

flowing relentlessly over more than half the continent of North America, planing down ridges, filling valleys with morainic débris, overthrowing forests, and forcing the migration of animals and plants into regions nearer and nearer the equator, is one of the most surprising facts of geological time. The decipherment of the details of its history is one of the triumphs of modern science.

Before the glacial period the face of Iowa was furrowed and wrinkled to an extent that would have matched in some small degree the irregularities of surface that give such charming bits of scenery to portions of New England. There were no mountains it is true, but the drainage streams had cut valleys that were in many cases six hundred feet in depth. Affluents of the main streams flowed in secondary gorges that had been correspondingly cut below the level of the dividing ridges. There were gorges of the third and of the fourth order, for the streams branched and rebranched toward their sources, until the whole fair face of Iowa was scarred and seamed by an intricate system of canyon-like valleys hemmed in by precipices rising sheer for

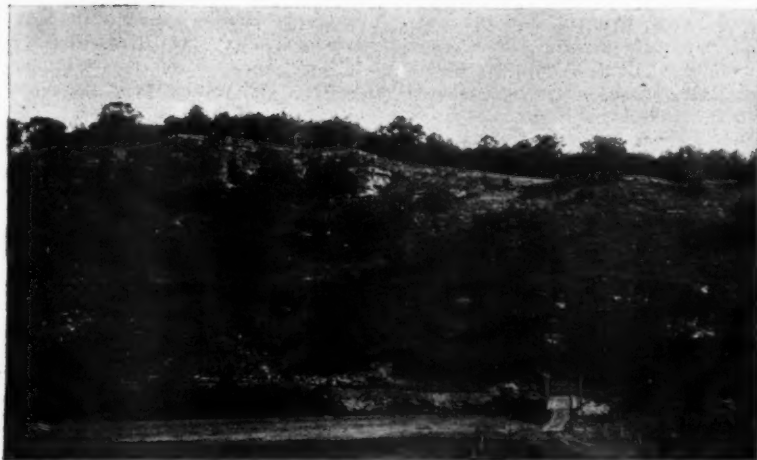
hundreds of feet, or by steeply sloping sides that more gradually blended with the rounded contours away up at the summits of the dividing ridges. Such was the Iowa that the glaciers found, and such would have been our Iowa to-day had there been no glacial period. But the gigantic ice plane that moved bodily over the surface of the state and extended its influence continuously for numberless centuries cut down the hills to some extent, filled up the valleys, strewed the surface with all manner of foreign rock detritus brought from the north, obliterated completely the topographic features that had previously been impressed upon the state, and left Iowa with landscapes tame and unattractive, judged from certain points of view. By this incursion and long continued action of great continental glaciers Iowa lost much that was picturesque in her scenery, but she received by way of compensation a soil of unparalleled depth and exhaustless fertility. The new landscapes were characterized by a different type of beauty. Furthermore, the new surface was vastly better adapted to the construction of highways for commerce and the easy inter-



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"The water comes leaping from ledge to ledge."

CASCADES IN GORGE AT PINNEY'S SPRING, SIX MILES SOUTHEAST OF WAUKON.



9. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"Where Quandahl nestles among hills of dolomite."

BRIDGE OVER BEAR CREEK EAST OF QUANDAH. BLUFFS SHOW PROJECTING LEDGES OF ONEOTA LIMESTONE. THE QUIET LITTLE NORWEGIAN VILLAGE IS A SHORT DISTANCE UP THE CREEK, TO THE LEFT OF THE VIEW.

communication of her people than the old, and that, from purely utilitarian considerations, was no small gain.

I have spoken of the glacial period, with its attendant arctic desolation affecting more than half the continent, as a surprising fact. Geologists tell us of another fact almost as surprising. In the midst of the all-embracing sea of ice, three hundred miles or more from its southern margin, and still more distant from any other shore of that waveless sea, there existed an unglaciated area, a region more than a hundred miles long and nearly a hundred miles wide that the ice did not invade. And strangely enough this area is found in the very trough of the Mississippi valley, right in the path, one would suppose, that must be chosen by ice streams traversing this great drainage basin. Glaciers from the north, the northeast and the northwest moved directly toward the region in question, but wastage and attenuation consequent on the long distance they had wandered from their sources of supply, caused them to terminate around its outer margins. And so the Driftless Area, as it is called,

stood as an island in a frozen sea, its surface unabraded and its topography unmodified by the agents of erosion and transportation that worked with such conspicuous effects in all the surrounding glaciated region.

The fact of the driftless area becomes still more surprising when we remember that the glacial period was marked by many episodes of advance and retreat of the ice; that at least one episode of retreat was so pronounced as to permit the extension of forests northward beyond the lakes; that this period of ameliorated climate was long enough to afford ample opportunity for the leaching, oxidation and erosion of the old drift gravels and other deposits of the preceding glacial epoch to take place on an extensive scale; and that, when the ice returned in full force during what is known as the second glacial epoch, the new glaciers, though encroaching somewhat more in some places than their predecessors, still left the original driftless area practically untouched.

This driftless area lies chiefly in southwestern Wisconsin; the narrow angle around which the glacial streams coa-

lesced at its southern extremity extends into northwestern Illinois; and a small portion of its western margin laps over into southwestern Minnesota and northeastern Iowa. So far as relates to Iowa the driftless area covers all of Allamakee county and parts of the counties of Winneshiek, Clayton and Dubuque. The most characteristic portion of the area in Iowa is that traversed by the Oneota river, usually called the Upper Iowa, and its tributaries. Here it is that we find the topographic forms sufficiently bold, and the inequalities of surface sufficiently great to justify in some measure the application of the title, "The Switzerland of Iowa"—a title that has been applied to the region by a few who have had an opportunity to appreciate and admire the unwonted grandeur and beauty of its scenery.

Where the drift mantle conceals the pre-glacial topography the present surface is a plain modified by comparatively gentle undulations. Streams have cut valleys in the drift, but the depth of the valleys is inconsiderable. The difference in elevation between the bottom of the

river channel and the summit of the next divide rarely equals two hundred feet; in a large proportion of cases it is less than fifty. On the other hand, the driftless area preserves all the features of the old pre-glacial surface. There is no mantle of drift, no planing down of hilltops nor filling of valleys, no softening of contours, no modifying influence of any kind to interfere with the effects produced upon the rocky strata of the region by the long continued action of chemical solution and mechanical erosion. The driftless area, therefore, is a land of deep dendritic valleys and high, rounded, laterally incised divides. Wherever channels have been cut in hard, resisting strata, it is a land of crags and precipices. It is a land of zigzag roads often apparently leading nowhere, for travel must, perforce, follow the summits of the ridges, or wind back and forth in the valleys of erosion, no matter how tortuous and indirect the course may be. It is a land of springs, this driftless area, for in the erosion of the valleys whereby the river channels have been lowered, in some cases six hundred feet below the summits of the dividing ridges, the edges of many



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"Near the mouth of Bear creek."

CANYON OF THE ONEOTA RIVER, BELOW THE MOUTH OF BEAR CREEK.



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"One of the isolated buttes in Allamakee county."

THE ELEPHANT, A HILL OF CIRCUMDENUDATION THREE HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT. ONEOTA RIVER LOOPS AROUND ITS SOUTHERN EXTREMITY.

a water-bearing stratum have been exposed, and the result is that the land is most generously supplied with clear, refreshing, spring-fed streams. Sometimes the springs issue high up on the hillsides, and the water, often in surprising volume, comes leaping from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades, with a total descent of eighty or ninety feet in a few hundred yards. Every valley and gorge has its multitude of springs welling out copiously and persistently at one level or another, and in seasons of moderate drought all the streams of the region, from tiniest rill to largest river, are indebted to springs for the whole volume of water with which their channels are supplied. A fair-sized mill stream flows away from the spring called "The Rise of the River," near Myron. Below Myron there are two or three springs that feed a rushing, babbling creek, eight or ten feet in width, that noisily hastens to join the Yellow river. There are many springs above and below Dorchester that supply the larger part of the volume flowing into Waterloo creek; and Bear creek is augmented by springs at short intervals all

the way from where the quaint little town of Quandahl nestles among hills of dolomite until its waters are discharged into the Oneota river. The Oneota itself is simply a spring-fed stream receiving tribute of cool, limpid spring water, either directly or at second hand, every few rods of its course from Bluffton and Decorah, until it passes under the shadows of Gabbett's Point and loses itself in the maze of lakes and bayous that occupy the broad flood plain of the Mississippi near New Albin.

Village creek is a typical stream of the region. It begins in a few rather small springs north of Waukon. It is at first a modest rivulet that an agile school boy could easily leap; but the valley becomes deeper; the stream increases rapidly in volume, until finally, having grown to the dimensions of a fair-sized creek, it escapes from its gorge between bluffs four hundred feet in height. For many miles above its mouth the valley is rendered charmingly picturesque by reason of the massive limestone crags and precipices that crown its walls. The limestone stands in vertical scarps; it is weathered

into unique pinnacles and towers and buttresses; at times it presents the zigzag lines characteristic of the ramparts of some frowning fortification; it rises higher and higher with reference to the channel as we follow the stream toward its mouth, until at last it crowns Mount Capoli, which, looking down from a height of four hundred feet, keeps guard at the entrance to this peaceful and charmingly beautiful little valley.

Along the Oneota valley we have the same crags and towers, the same battlements and frowning ramparts of hard dolomitic limestone. Near the mouth of Bear creek the walls of the valley rise for more than three hundred feet above the level of the river, but this by no means represents the total amount of valley erosion. Beyond the immediate margins of the gorge the land still rises, with many an undulation and the intervention of many a steep-walled ravine, for nearly three hundred feet more, away up to the summits of the Lansing and Waterloo ridges. The total cutting since the streams ran on a plain coincident with the summits of the higher divides has been about six hundred feet. If it were possible, which of course it is

not under present conditions, for the Mississippi to erode its channel as far below its present level as the streams of the driftless area have cut their valleys in comparatively recent times, we would have tide water up to Davenport and Iowans might have the pleasure of seeing ocean steamers of the largest draught moored beneath the Rock Island bridge. With that amount of cutting it might indeed be possible for steamers from Havana to cast anchor at the mouth of the Oneota.

The valley of the Oneota is wider than that of Village creek. The stream cut its channel vertically until it reached base level, the level at which it can no longer erode. Since then the sides have receded and the valley has been widened by the weathering and wastage of the nearly vertical walls. In these walls tributary streams have cut lateral gorges. Intermittent torrents carrying off the excess of water from heavy rains or rapidly melting snows have produced other irregularities. In connection with the recession of the walls and consequent widening of the valley, the agents of erosion have cut around great masses in such wise as to leave isolated buttes or conical hills ris-



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"The cool, clear stream of the driftless area once abounded in trout."

CANYON OF THE YELLOW RIVER, BELOW ION.



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"Views about Decorah."

ONEOTA RIVER AND BLUFF OF TRENTON LIMESTONE AT THE DUGWAY ABOVE DECORAH.

ing three hundred feet or more from a base that coincides with the level of the alluvial flood-plain. The combined effects of geological structure on the one hand and erosive agencies on the other have produced a series of ever-varying topographic forms, some of which seem anomalous and erratic, some fantastic, but all on a scale of sufficient magnitude to render them grand and impressive. After all, the most characteristic scenery of the Switzerland of Iowa is to be found along the Oneota valley.

One of the isolated buttes, well toward the western border of Allamakee county, has been called the "Elephant," from some fancied resemblance to the ponderous beast of corresponding name. Its height is three hundred feet above the Oneota, that forms a silver loop around its southern extremity. The south end of the crest of the butte is adorned with towers and castellated walls of limestone, while around the base on all the other sides is the English Bench occupied by rich, alluvial farming lands that have been wrought up by English skill to the highest degree of fertility.

A mile or two farther down the picturesque valley stands Mount Hope, a conical hill, somewhat higher than the Elephant, but similarly crowned with jutting crags and mural scarps of the same age-defying limestone. Mount Hope looks down appropriately on a small, white school-house that modestly occupies a position on the alluvial plain at the foot of its southward-looking face. Some of the oldest farmsteads in the county find shelter around its foot, while just across a narrow valley to the westward, squarely facing Mount Hope and pointing upward with tapering spire, stands the church—its white in relief against a background of foliage that conceals the rugged sides of another hill of corresponding proportions. The school, the church, the home, representing education, piety and law-abiding love, are truly the hope of Iowa, the hope of our great nation, the hope of the world. This singular conical hill has been felicitously named.

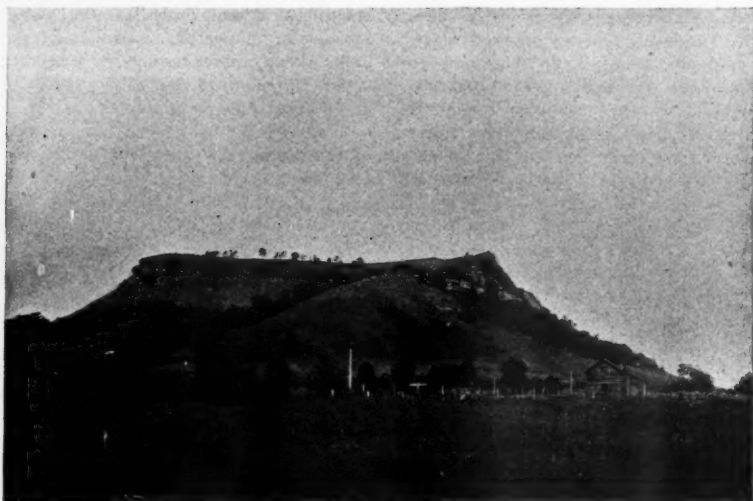
Mount Hope looks off to the southeast and exchanges daily greetings with another eminence, of similar height and structure, that bears a name much less

felicitous. It is simply Owl's Head Mountain, a homely name, suggesting nothing of human interest. Indeed, the mountain stands apart from human habitation, and it is a somewhat lonely road that leads around its base. Like all the rest, this hill wears its crown of splintered crags resting upon a summit that is lifted hundreds of feet above the level floodplain of the adjacent river.

Similar hills stand at intervals all the way down the valley, the last on the southern side being Gabbett's point, which at its northern end has the Oneota river winding around its base, while its eastern side looks out on the broad floodplain of the Mississippi and away across the river to corresponding hills in Wisconsin.

After spending two very sultry summer days winding in and out among the hills and gorges of this land of unique topography, and encountering, at every step almost, surprising bits of beauty in crag and castle and towering butte, the Doctor

and I, who had been traveling companions, found the home-like hospitality of the cozy little hotel at New Albin a very welcome change. After supper, however, the old habits and desires were too strong to be resisted, and so the Doctor, who is an ardent lover of rod and line, procured the necessary equipment and started for the nearest bayou to get some fish for breakfast, while I was anxious to discover what new characteristics of the region could be learned by ascending the superb bluffs that border the plain on which the village has been built. There are few things more deceiving than the height of a hill, and few persons can estimate correctly the amount of energy required to reach its summit. You climb a hundred feet, clinging the while with difficulty to the rather steep slope, and you are out of breath; another hundred feet, and the symptoms of fatigue are painfully evident. Yet at two hundred feet from the base we are only half way up these New Albin bluffs. We go more slowly in ascending the third hundred feet,



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"On the very highest crest there is a row of prehistoric mounds."

ONEOTA BLUFF, NEAR NEW ALBIN. THE CREST IS FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE GRADE OF RAILWAY AT THE BASE.



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"This singular conical hill has been felicitously named."

MOUNT HOPE, WITH ONEOTA RIVER AND BROAD FLOOD-PLAIN IN THE FOREGROUND.

and when at last we overcome the fourth hundred and stand panting upon the crest, we are sincerely glad that there is no more hill to climb.

From Oneota bluff we look down on one of the most intricate systems of lakes and channels conceivable. We look across the Mississippi to Wisconsin and imagine the same irregular topography that has been gradually impressing its wonderful beauty and significance upon our perceptions, stretching away to the eastern edge of the driftless area, distant sixty or seventy miles. On the very highest crest of the bluff there is a row of prehistoric mounds. The mound-builder in times gone by had labored up these very heights. Here he had established his watch-towers, here probably he reared his home, here at all events he buried his dead. Was it for love of the grand and picturesque in nature that he sought the highest prominence in all this region, or was it the mere instinct of self-protection that led to the choice of this particular location? Who shall tell how his soul was affected by all this wild beauty of lake and stream, of crag and fell,—a beauty ever changing with the changing

moods of nature, taking one tone from the swelling buds of spring and another from the full-leaved brilliance of autumn!

It was the next morning when we stood on the summit of Ross' point. The Doctor overcame the temptation to take his fishing gear and repeat the experience of the night before, so he came along. A thunder storm was mounting rapidly to the zenith, but the view was grand and the prospect of a drenching under the circumstances was a matter of very small concern. Here to the west lay a long reach of the valley of the Oneota, so long that crag and butte faded away in the distance. To the southeast stretched the broad gorge of the Mississippi, bounded on either side by stout walls of nature's masonry. On the Wisconsin side was the mouth of Bad Axe river, recalling some stirring events of recent Indian wars. But the storm was soon overhead. The lightning played continuously and the repeated peals of thunder seemed startlingly near. The Doctor suggested that a man standing on a prominent point may become a conductor for the electric discharge, and not wishing to make thunder rods of ourselves,—to use one of Carlyle's



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"Bits of scenery that one comes upon in out-of-the-way places."

NORTH FORK OF YELLOW RIVER UNDERMINING LEDGE OF ST. PETER SANDSTONE.

expressions,— we retreated to a position that seemed to offer a greater degree of safety.

My friend had had some wonderful experiences in trout fishing in the beautiful streams of Allamakee. It was with the pleasure that only a true lover of pesca-

torial sports can feel that he told of his success at this point and at that, in the various lonely valleys through which our winding course had led us before we reached New Albin. We passed the very spot where the largest trout he had ever hooked was landed. But the story



S. CALVIN, PHOTO.

"This hill wears its crown of splintered crags."

OWL'S HEAD MOUNT, SOUTHEAST OF MOUNT HOPE.

of that speckled beauty was told in rather a minor key ; for while he was exercising all the skill and patience of a Walton in his efforts to lay another beside the splendid prize already secured, and while he was thinking of how he would now "lay it over" Smith, his most formidable rival, in securing the glittering trophies of rod and reel, he was attracted by a peculiar sound, and turned just in time to see the caudal fin of that very fish on which his whole heart was set disappear down the throat of Knudson's dog. A grizzly, dirty, mangy, ill-fed cur it was, with stiff, repulsive hair that stood on end. Was ever such inglorious fate for royal fish ! Did ever exultant angler suffer such cruel disappointment ! How mean and shabby the rest of the catch looked, and then — the detestable Smith would go on bragging as before ! Perhaps philosophy will some day tell us why it is that, in our poor human experience, it is ever the dearest, the most perfect, the best beloved that are lost. I know nothing about catching trout or any other fish, but I have been given to understand that those who become enamored of the rod and line accumulate a large amount of human experience. But, this aside, it may be stated that the cool, clear streams of the driftless area once abounded in trout. Now, however, trout fishing, like deer hunting, is largely a thing of the past. This condition is not due to over-fishing so much as to the fact that the destruction of the forests and cultivation of the soil facilitates surface drainage ; and so after each heavy rain the streams swell suddenly to resistless torrents that sweep everything before them. It is only in a few favored spots that trout survive under such circumstances.

The elevations and depressions of the driftless area can be told off in feet and inches, its clear streams can be gauged



S. CALVIN, PHOTO. "The great vertical scarp at Bluffton."

VERTICAL CLIFF OF TRENTON LIMESTONE, AT BLUFFTON, ON ONEOTA RIVER.

and the height of its waterfalls accurately measured ; but the charming loveliness of the whole region under the haze of autumn or the mellow sunshine of June cannot be described. There are individual bits of scenery that one comes upon unexpectedly, apparently reserved in out-of-the-way places as a pleasurable surprise to the traveler who has been somewhat sated with the general effect. On the whole, however, the contours and profiles, though presenting infinite variety, are all the result of the same causes. Analyzed and expressed in the cold terms of science, the topographic forms are the outcome of the chemical and mechanical action of water, exerted through a given

length of time, on a region of given geological structure, and having a given elevation above base level. That, as near as I can recollect, is the way the Doctor expressed it, though I have noticed that he can be as glowing and impassioned as any one else when looking from the standpoint of the angler and the artist.

But does the Doctor's explanation account for all there is in such eminences, for example, as Mount Hosmer and Mount Ida, that stand sentinel on either side of Lansing? The grandeur and dignity with which to-day these hills look from a height of four hundred feet upon the placid current of the Mississippi is the same that they have worn for centuries. Their evening shadows creep out across the stream in ways the same as when the mound-builder lighted his watch-fires on their summits, or the canoe of the red man was the only craft that, with ob-

liquely widening ripples, broke the smooth surface of the majestic river. There is something about them, either in themselves or in their settings and surroundings, or in their associations with bygone centuries, or in all together, that stirs the soul and sends a thrill of pleasure through the mind of the appreciative observer. What is it, and how much of it has been produced by the chemical and mechanical action of water? Does such action account for the exquisite beauty of the views about Decorah, or for the impressiveness of the great vertical scarp of limestone at Bluffton? What is the essence of this thing we call beauty in nature, anyway? What produces it, and how is it that it exalts the soul and awakens pleasurable emotions in the mind of man? These are old, old questions, and, when pressed for an answer, the Doctor frankly confesses that he does not know.

A DESIRE.

WHATEVER goals remain my powers above,
 Whatever good and great things I may miss,
 Still let me say that Love hath given me this:
 To love.

Still let me feel, although my loss be great,
 That love is mine to hold and not to lose;
 Then shall I cherish life, nor e'er accuse
 My fate.

I shall not count my gain or mourn my loss;
 And courage will not fail me for life's fray;
 I shall not cast my hopes and heart away,
 As dross;

For love will make my failures, even, fair;
 Like kindly ivy, on a broken tower,
 Will cover, as with blossoms, in an hour,
 My care.

Without love, what is life? Nay, what is gain?
 Possession void and effort without end;
 An aimless, barren path for me to wend,—
 And pain.

O Love, be mine! I cannot go alone;
 I cannot seek or hope if thou deny;
 Let all things else, rather than thou, go by,
 Mine Own!

With love, no fate can yield me to despair;
 Though all else fail, these will remain for me:
 To look, to hope, to ever wish to be,
 To dare!

CHICAGO.

William Francis Barnard.

MY FRIEND FRANZ.

BY MERRICK WHITCOMB.

I. AT THE GOLDEN LION.

IF YOU were wandering about the streets of Graz on a hot summer day, you would find the "Golden Lion" a pleasant place of refuge. As for me, it delights me to recall its unpretentious portal, surmounted by a gilt lion, couchant, clasping the arms of Styria; the vaulted passage-way with its flinty pavement, and the little garden beyond, thickly set with the greenest of lime trees, and in their rustling shade cosy little tables for four and for six, with chairs set about upon the pebbled ground.

Graz is an old city,—very old and very beautiful,—set in a saucer-like valley, rimmed about with great mountains. In the center of the town rises a mass of rock, huge and towering, verdure-clad, with winding pathways gently leading to the summit,—real lovers' walks, with sudden turns that give quick opportunities, and seats in shaded nooks, out of the moonlight. And upon the summit stands a bell-tower with its noontide bell,—a clock-tower, its great white dial everywhere visible, and the remains of old fortresses, built when life was a hazard, and Slav and Turk and Magyar roamed the plains below.

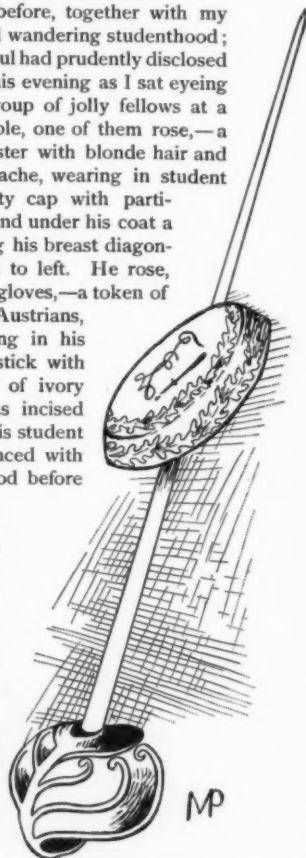
Sweeping close in to the foot of this rocky steep, the river Mur rolls merrily along, and down along its shallows of an evening you can hear the song of the washerwomen of the city, as they beat in measure with wooden paddles their linen upon the time-worn rocks of the river.

There are many charming things about old Graz—its circling parks, where once grim walls and yawning moats repelled the besieger; the market-place, with the painted façades of the quaint old houses,—these and a score of things beside, but of them all my memory returns most fondly to the garden of the "Golden Lion."

I think I had been in Graz three days. I had surveyed the town, taken lodgings,

and determined to drink my morning chocolate *al fresco* at the café in the park. But the human soul is a lonesome thing, and I was beginning to wonder in what way my traveler's luck would bring me into the companionship of my species when, musing thus, I drifted into the "Golden Lion" for supper. I think I had mentioned my lonesomeness to the host the day before, together with my hailing port and wandering studenthood; and the good soul had prudently disclosed the fact; for, this evening as I sat eyeing with envy a group of jolly fellows at a neighboring table, one of them rose,—a stalwart youngster with blonde hair and feathery moustache, wearing in student fashion a jaunty cap with parti-colored band, and under his coat a riband, crossing his breast diagonally from right to left. He rose, drawing on his gloves,—a token of formality with Austrians,—and, balancing in his hand a cherry stick with huge flat knob of ivory upon which was incised the cypher of his student company, advanced with dignity and stood before my table.

I am charmed again, as I close my eyes and behold him once more as he stood there, so strong and handsome, fit for the best that Fortune had to give. His hair curled crisply away from his forehead like a Roman emperor's; his eyes were blue and



Student's Daelling Sword (Schlager), and Cerevis-Cap, with cypher of Burschenschaft "Libertas."

frank; his mouth sweet and generous.

With all the formality of student etiquette he bowed and introduced himself:—Franz, from Hermannstadt, student of law, member of the Burschenschaft "*Libertas*." He had heard I was a student from America, wandering through Austria for pleasure and study; his friends at the other end of the garden were also members of "*Libertas*;" their meeting-place was just above the enclosed dining-room of the "Golden Lion;" the meeting was about to be called; would it please me to join the Kneipe?

It would, indeed; and, after a formal introduction to the gentlemen of his company, we moved away, Franz leading, groped up a flight of narrow stairs and found our way into the Kneipe of the Burschenschaft "*Libertas*."

Here was life! Away, dull melancholy! Night after night we sat about the oaken board, quaffed from the foaming mug and sang the lusty student songs,—songs about nut-brown maids and nut-brown ale, about the noble Teutons, who drank right merrily the blood-red wine, wielding their swords of flame,—all these and more, sung in a jolly student way, more for noise than harmony.

They were a hearty set, Fraus and Kraus, Von Mühlwerth and the rest, drowning their fears of examinations to

come in deep stone beakers, rolling their cigarettes of long threads of Turkish tobacco, eager to talk, eager to sing,—true friends, true hearts, the flower of German studenthood.

II. THE TROUBLE ABOUT MITSU.

Breakfast was an individual thing in Graz, as it is elsewhere in Europe. You took it when and where inclination and the weather chose to determine; maybe a cup of coffee and a *brodchen* at your bedside, and then a turn over for a final wink. Or, if the weather were fair and the morning sun invited, you sipped your coffee while you read your paper, by the pavilion in the park, and breathed the sweet air dropping down from the snow-capped mountains.

Dinner brought us together in groups. A dozen at a time we found ourselves at the "Golden Lion" over our wholesome meal of soup and meat and bread, with just a dash of sour red wine for appetite.

But it was for supper that we rallied in force—supper in gaslight at eight o'clock, under the lime-trees, where we lingered for an hour or two, full of youth and joy. It was there that Mitsi came into our existences,—Mitsi, the waiter-girl of the "Golden Lion."

We were all in love with her, even Harpf, student of philosophy, a pessimist



GRAZ—FROM ACROSS THE MUR.



RIVER FRONT AND SCHLOSSBERG.

who scoffed at such emotions,—and who could help it! She was the sum of all things feminine, and she was lovely with the loveliness of peasant maidenhood. Her cheeks were roses, her teeth white as milk, and her yellow hair, hanging in two braids down her back, swung bewitchingly to and fro as she came toward us, half hidden behind a mass of foaming glasses.

She was irresistible, was Mitsi, and we squandered our substances, eating and drinking absurdly, just to keep Mitsi always at our table; calling for impossible things just to make her come again; plucking at her apron as she went away, with an "O, Mitsi, stay!" and "Come, Mitsi, do!" until the poor child was a spectacle for blushes and worryment.

But she liked it, Mitsi did—why should she not? She had ever a Roland for your Oliver, and stepped cleverly aside when some warm-hearted student thought to salute her too heartily.

But when Franz came,—ah, then we first knew by her tell-tale cheeks it was his step under the gateway. We might have starved and pined away for all the smiles we got.

One day Mitsi was gone. It was a mystery. No one could explain it. The landlord vowed he knew not whither she had departed. The Burschenschaft was

inconsolable. Even Harpf, in spite of all his philosophy, was roused for the first time on record, and swore by Thor and Woden he would slay the man who had lured her away.

But had any one lured her away? Who could say? Perhaps a sick mother up in the mountains,—perhaps she had gone to her marriage feast. Perish the thought!

Everyone had a conjecture,—all but Franz, and he sat there dignified as usual. A trifle pale, maybe, but then he was grinding hard for his finals, and besides he never gossiped.

A knock at the door of my lodgings upon the Glacis, and Franz entered, a little worried, I thought. But then the student is always worried in such critical times, with only a week or two between him and the trying ordeal for the Doctorate.

Would I walk through the pine-wood?

"Most assuredly, with you, my Franz. You're always better than a book. O, do not smile in such a woe-begone, exasperating way."

It is a lovely walk, under the great blue-green pines along the road that leads to the Pilgrimage church of Maria Trost. It is along that way that Franz has told me all about his life at Hermannstadt, away up on the slopes of the Carpathians; how

the old-time Saxon colony, that for centuries has led through intellectual preëminence, was being swamped in the rapid new development of the Magyars and Roumanians; about his hopes for the future, the certain future for the hard-working student in Austro-Hungary; and all about his *Braut*, the girl away off there that some day, not far in the future, he should make his wife.

He had ideas, too, Franz had, more delicate than those of his fellow students. I remember one day, as we were walking along under the whispering pines, I offered him a cigarette from my case. It was a good one—an Egyptian. But he laughingly declined.

"I never smoke in a place like this," he said in apology. "My father taught me not to, for he said smoking was for indoors. Why should we fill our nostrils with the best Latakia when the breath of these pines is everywhere about?"

But this day Franz had no ideas. He strode moodily through the wood at my side, until the white walls of Maria Trost came gleaming through the pines. The great, dim, vaulted church was empty, and we crept into a nook beside an altar in the transept, where the bones of some murdered saint shone out from a jeweled reliquary amid countless offerings of gold and silver hearts.

Something was brewing, it was plain, that Franz should seek so dismal a resort.

"Brother," said he, after he had told the saint a dozen *pater-nosters*, "do you love me, and will you keep my secret?"

"Franz," I answered, "you know we have sworn and drunk the brotherhood."

"I know," he said, "but you are an American, you see, and I did not know exactly how you thought about it."

He mused a moment, and then turning suddenly to me with deep distress in his eyes, the stranger for his usual fearlessness, he added: "I suppose you must have suspected it. It is I who have taken Mitsi."

I hadn't suspected it and was dumfounded and could think of nothing opportune to say. At last my curiosity prevailed, and I asked, "Where is she?"

"At 'The Pie' (it was an inn), across the Mur, you know."

It seemed awkward, he was silent so long, his head sunk in deep and moody thought. At last I asked again, "What are you going to do with her?"

"I don't know," he answered, "and that is my trouble. What would you advise?"

"Well, really, Franz, I can hardly tell you," I replied; "I am at a disadvantage, you know, for I am a stranger to your social ideas. I might suggest something



HERRENPLAZ IN GRAZ.

that wouldn't be at all acceptable. Now, from an American standpoint, I should suggest that you might marry Mitsi."

He looked up in a vacant way, as though he were hardly sure of having grasped my meaning. "Do you forget that she is a beer-girl?" he said.

"I had not forgotten it," I answered, with due humility, "but I really cannot see any other way out."

"But I couldn't marry her," he added, "for am I not engaged? And I am not rich, or I could settle something handsome upon the poor girl. It was so foolish, the whole thing! I must have been mad; but I could not endure to see you fellows all tormenting her." And as we walked homeward in the twilight he told me all about it; how Mitsi came to him crying, and told him that Harpf had held her by the arms and kissed her in his brutal, bearish way,—and she would not endure it,—and all that with tears and caresses,—and that was the story.

III. THE DUEL.

We went to supper, and from supper to the Kneipe. It was evident that something was abroad. The room was full of suppressed feeling; the air was electric with portent. As we entered all eyes were turned to Franz. I began to see I had been blind. Every one had known what to me was mystery. The Kneipe opened with Franz, as usual, in the *Præsidium*. The songs were sung; the amber tide in the glasses rose and fell and rose and fell again, but about it all was an air feverish and unreal.

Harpf alone did not sing. He alone did not raise his glass, as the beady foam flickered away, bubble by bubble. At last, when by chance every voice was silent, he rose, ominously, with a frown in his shaggy brows, drank his glass at a gulp, and, turning to our Franz, cried in a voice of rage:

"Franz, it is you that have taken Mitsi away. You have lied! You are a dog!" And as he spoke he raised his glass and



"Its great white dial everywhere visible."

dashed the drops that still remained straight into our Franz's white face.

It was white no longer. A cloud of shameful blood rose at this rebuke and mantled his face in deep suffusion. A moment more and he stood pale as marble, his eyes flashing like diamonds. "Harpf!" he cried, in a voice that betrayed his struggle for self-mastery, "You have been my brother at this table for years; but it is over. Fraus will represent me in this matter. . . . Gentlemen, the Kneipe is adjourned."

It was a busy day, the day that followed.

Fraus and Kraus were in deep consultation, for Kraus had volunteered to represent the Harpf interests. Franz sent for me at noon and put into my hands a packet sealed with five great waxen seals. He explained its contents. His will and testament ("not much to devise," he said, smiling weakly); a letter to each of his parents; one to his Braut (he turned away); another that I would know about,

and his picture, with a dedication on the back, for me.

"It's only a form," said he, noting that I was getting scared and lachrymose, "of course, nobody will be hurt."

Then the meeting at the student's fighting room in the old convent building on the Quergasse, the scene of many a friendly *mensur*, but rarely such a one as this. For this was to the death, *ohne Binden und Bandagen*, without the usual bandages of stiffened silk that render student's duels harmless to destroy life; *ohne Corona*, without all witnesses, except the surgeon, and the referee and seconds.

So we were excluded, and we saw them stripped to the waist, great sabres in their hands, their knotted muscles standing tense. Franz waved me adieu, the door closed, and we were left outside, with throbbing pulses and aching throats, straining our ears, hugged close against the oaken panels.

What would it be? They were evenly matched. Klang, klang, klang! The blades strike upon each other with vicious resonance. Klang, klang! It was like the shop of an armorer blade-forging.

Suddenly a pause! What is it? We beat against the door, and some one comes,—the surgeon, and opens it a little way and says: "Gentlemen, not so much noise, please. We shall have the police upon us. No one is hurt." And I catch a glimpse of Franz, reeking with perspiration, but lusty and unharmed.

Again it goes,—klang—klang—ceaselessly. Will it never stop? Suddenly there is another noise, a rattling sound. A blade has fallen to the floor! Then a hurry of feet across the room. Great heaven! Some one is done for—open quick!

There stands Franz, but where is Harpf? They are all about him and the surgeon is working hastily. "A deep cut in the left breast, not necessarily dangerous." But Harpf has fainted; and Franz, poor Franz, is it not he who suffers more?

IV. BEYOND THE PUSSTAS.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, the day after the battle, a gloomy, blue-gray

morning, and I had finished my early coffee and buried my face in the depths of the freshest pillow, when my door was hastily flung ajar, and Franz entered, pale and breathless. What could it be! "Is Harpf—"

"No, thank God, not that; but it is worse. My Braut is ill, dangerously, they fear, and I must go at once to Hermannstadt. I am just leaving. Good-bye. God bless you."

"But not like this, Franz," said I, hastily turning the sleeves of my dressing-robe. "Let me go down to the station with you. I am ready at once."

"Can't wait, brother," he replied hastily. "The train leaves at once. Besides, it is better so. It is no time for leave-takings. It is better to sneak away. Think of it, what has come to me! Mitsi, Harpf,—and now this, the last and worse. It is a judgment!"

"Well, don't be despondent, my dear Franz. Sick people get well, else what were doctors for? Everything will turn out all right. Now, write me,—telegraph me, old man, the moment you get there. And return as soon as possible; won't you? Come now, promise!"

And he promised—anything to get away; and then the door slammed behind him, and my Franz was gone.

He never came back. He never wrote. For weeks we waited in a fever of hope and despair. At last one day an official of the university summoned the secretary of our Burschenschaft, and read to him a paper from the chief of police of Hermannstadt, written in answer to an inquiry.

This was the story: He had gone, our Franz, to Hermannstadt, and, when he left the train, he went, looking neither to the right nor left, greeting no one, directly to the home of his Braut. He must have seen, as he neared the house, that the garlands of death hung upon the door. Poor Franz, what must he have thought; how must he have suffered! But he went straight on, strode through the open doorway into the darkened room, where they

sat, his parents and hers, about the virgin bier.

But he saw them not. His eyes were all for the rigid form that lay so quietly before him. He did not shed a tear, so they said, but kissed her bloodless lips and turned and went away.

They did not follow him, thinking his grief was sacred, and no one saw him as he crossed to his father's house, and climbed the stairway to the room where

he had dreamed his childhood's dreams of love and hope. He was alone as he placed the picture of his Braut upon his dressing table, and, taking an old pistol from the wall, loaded it—what were his thoughts!—placed it against his temple under his crisp locks, and fired!

And poor little Mitsi, waiting in her attic room at "The Pie,"—what she had lost who had found?



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF COMMERSBUCH,
The Authorized Edition of the German Student Song-book.

THE HANGBIRD'S NEST.

FASHIONED so fair, this small, inverted dome,
With bits of moss, and grass, and strings,
And, underneath the brooding wings,
Four tender, tiny gaping things;
And near the nest the one who sings.
Ah! heart of mine, is this not truly home?

HADLEY, MASS.

Clarence Hawkes.



With permission of the Artist.

WAGES OF WAR.—EDWIN W. DEMING.

A PIONEER ART LOAN EXHIBIT.

BY CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN.

THE Art Loan Exhibition held in Des Moines during the early part of this winter was interesting, not only as such, but as distinctly marking advance in art growth. The enthusiasm with which it was undertaken and the interest shown by the public in attendance give promise that a good loan exhibit may become with us an annual event. The exhibition was given the freedom of the press; to the daily papers it was largely due that people came again and again, thereby deriving the greatest possible benefit from this object lesson in art.

The Des Moines Woman's Club, which long since pledged itself to the establishment of an art gallery in this city, and is steadily working to that end, gave a cordial response to a proposition from the Iowa Society of Fine Arts, recently organized, to bring on a collection of pictures from New York, and to these two societies the exhibition is due. Great credit is also

due Mr. C. E. Baldwin, the well-known artist, whose studio is the center of art work in Des Moines.

Owing to the fact that a number of exhibitions were in progress in the East, some well-known artists were not represented, but the picture catalogue carried names that established the high character of the collection. Such names as Sartain, Du Mond, Twachtman, Walter L. Palmer, Alexander Harrison, Carleton Wiggins, Thomas Moran, the Sewells, Gilbert Gaul, Stephen Parrish, George Smillie, Edwin H. Blashfield, J. C. Nicoll, Eanger I. Couse, Gibson and Gay, are a guaranty of excellence. It was a well-balanced collection, stronger in landscape than in figure,—but is not American art as yet stronger in landscape than in figure painting?

The collection was not, as is often the case, sacrificed to one large picture, which is made the feature of the show; many of

the smaller pictures were among the most interesting. It was valuable in its contrasts. It is a far cry, in American art, from a landscape of Thomas Moran's, with its conservative methods of composition, and its well-balanced, carefully modulated masses of color, to the latest utterance of impressionism in Twachtman's "Autumn Shadows." And all the space between these two was filled with the rank and file of recognized artists; some of them those whose status is settled, some of them "coming" men—and women.

The four places of honor were given to William Sartain's "Chapter from the Koran," Du Mond's "Monastic Life," Thomas Moran's "Golden Gate to the Yellowstone Park,"—a large landscape showing the characteristics of this well-known artist,—and the "Advent Angel," by Ella Condie Lamb, a figure more satisfactory in color than in modeling, and which could be seen to full advantage only in the mural decoration for which it was designed.

To the older generation of the MIDLAND's readers, the name Sartain will re-



From Drawing by C. E. Baldwin.

FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

call the magazine of that name, with its one rich, flawless frontispiece engraving, which was the forerunner of the illustrated



With permission of the Artist.

MONASTIC LIFE.—FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

magazine of to-day. The name is historic in our art literature, and the collection was fortunate in having two of William Sartain's pictures, the "Chapter from the Koran," which is "one of his largest and most effective canvases, effective in its broad treatment and quiet, harmonious values," and a head of a "Nubian Sheik."

Mr. Sartain, like many of our older artists, drew and engraved before taking up color. The most valuable part of his art education was obtained in Paris, where he was a pupil of Bonnat. Since his return he has had a studio in New York; had at one time charge of all the life classes of the Art Students' League, and of the head classes at Cooper Union for several years. He was one of the original

founders of the Society of American Artists. Of late Mr. Sartain has devoted a part of his time to etching. To quote from a standard critic: "His work is quiet and sincere in treatment. The principal characteristics of his method of painting are directness of intention, warmth of color, a thorough knowledge of his subjects, and a firm and vigorous way of treating them." To this may be added that his pictures are full of poetic feeling. It is the very culture of art. It has been remarked that the delicacy and richness of his color scheme is particularly well shown in his heads, and the "Nubian Sheik" is one of his best.

"Monastic Life," by Frank Vincent Du Mond, was one of the notable pictures of the exhibit. It was a World's Fair picture, as were some twenty others in this collection.

Mr. Du Mond belongs to the younger school of American artists, and the critics give him special praise because he has not given way to the occasional eccentricities and vagaries of that school. All his work shows the strong academic influence of Lefebvre, under whom he studied in Paris. He won recognition in the salon, and is recognized in this country as a strong artist. His "Baptism of Christ" was a great religious picture, at once realistic and reverent. Since it was destroyed by fire, "Monastic Life" is his most notable canvas.

Among the pictures that told a story was "Ma Première Née," by Eanger I. Couse, a



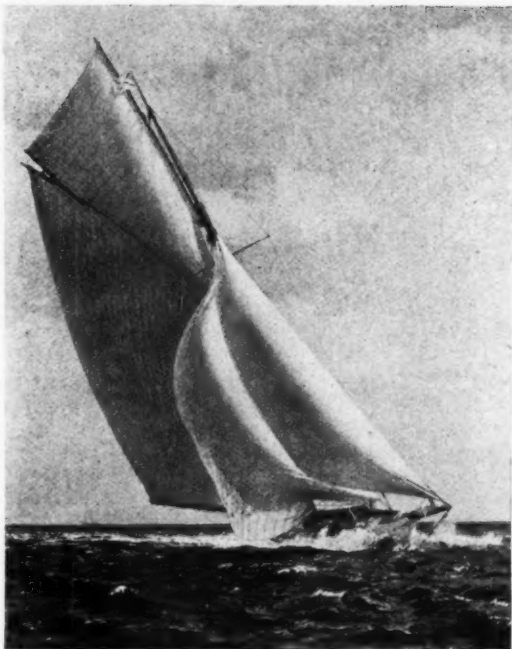
WALTER L. PALMER.

salon picture, an interior with a child lying dead on the bier. Perhaps the most subtle thing in the picture is the showing of the differing effects of the same sorrow,—the hopeless grief of the mother; the resignation in the expression and attitude of the old man; the look of the child, half sorrow, and half mere physical terror of death.

Alexander Harrison, whose name was this spring added to the brief list of American painters in the Luxembourg gallery, was represented here by a marine, "The Open Sea," which was the subject of endless discussion. It was said by some of those who were familiar with his work to be entirely unworthy of him; while others insisted that it was really great. Whatever may be its comparative merits, it was an impressive picture, painted by an artist who had the courage of his color, and who had not hesitated to paint a quiet gray sea, under a quiet gray sky.

Such a picture ought to be a liberal education to the conventional marine painter, whose *piece de resistance* is surf, and who can do nothing without it.

Among the larger landscapes was Stephen Parrish's "Winter Sunset, Cape Cod,"—a beautiful picture. There were the same blue shadows on the snow which the public was inclined to repudiate in the Twachtman on the opposite wall, but there was in Mr. Parrish's work nothing vague or unintelligible. What he had to say he said clearly, sympathetically, poetically.



With permission of the Artist.

LEE RAIL AWASH.—WALTER L. PALMER.

An artist of the Middle-West, who paints with a heavier brush and a broader method, is William Forsyth, whose "Edge of the Woods" was one of the good pictures.

Mr. E. Evans, whose "Harvest" illustrates this article, is also of the West—the real West—having been born in Utah, and having, on his return from Paris, gone back to Utah, where he is now teaching in the principal art school of the Territory. His "Harvest" is something more than a symphony in yellow, as many harvest fields are. The stubble is stiff; the sun is hot; one feels the heat and burden of the day. It would be well for the West if more of our students who go abroad would return to their native towns. For our artists to remain abroad, or to return

only so far as New York, is like draining the country of its gold reserve.

Mr. Walter L. Palmer's Venetian picture, "Early Morn Like Opals' Rays," will be vividly remembered by all who saw it. A portrait in architecture, and a poem in color,—it was like color set to music. Because its value lay so greatly in its color, however, the artist declined to have it reproduced in black and white, and sent instead the two accompanying illustrations, which are valuable as giving an idea of his versatility. A son of the sculptor, E. D. Palmer, he grew up in the atmosphere of art. In the atelier of Carolus Duran he obtained, he thinks, the most valuable part of his art training. He has spent much time in Venice, and his Venetian sketches are celebrated for their accuracy and beauty. He paints mostly these and winter scenes, though his medals and "honorable mentions" have also been earned by such pictures as "Waving Grain" and "The Oat Field."

Gilbert Gaul's two pictures, "Those Dreary Days," a group of soldiers around a camp-fire, and "In the Trenches,"—a

vivid glimpse of battle, full of color and action,—were among the notable pictures.

There was a superb "Sunset at Havre" by Leslie G. Cauldwell, a picture full of "sweetness and light." The same artist also sent pastels, one, "The Smoker," being one of the most realistic pictures in the room.

The Sewells, husband and wife, were represented by twelve canvases, the most notable being "Boys Bathing" and "Diana Hunting," and a number of the others reminiscent of the recent sojourn of these artists in Algiers.

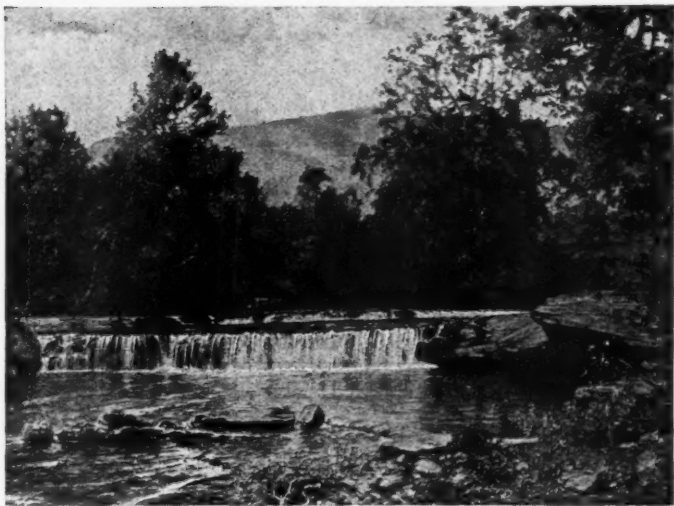
Among the smaller pictures were some of the best in the collection,—notably, Carleton Wiggins' "Sheep," which reminded one of Mauve; "The Tramp," by Paul Mimmo Moran, a charming picture of a girl standing at the foot of a stairway, feeding a tramp cat; and "Midsummer," by M. H. Reid.

There was something pathetic in the one little monosyllable, "Rain," which stood against the name of Alfred Kappes, who died last year. He was one of the



With permission of the Artist.

HARVEST.—E. EVANS.



With permission of the Artist.

ON THE PLATTEKILL.—WALTER L. PALMER.

most original and serious of the younger group of artists. The picture itself was a monosyllable,—a tiny, haunting thing.

"The Mourning Brave," by E. W. Deming, was a picture tragic in its utter desolation. Here are none of the accessories with which, in sheltered houses, we try to cheat death of its terror; this is stiff, stark death, the one note of human life in a pitiless landscape. Mr. Deming has struck a strong vein in his delineation of Indian life, which was further represented in the exhibition by his "Wages of War" and "Apache Watching Pueblo Dance." He also is a Western artist. Born near Geneseo, Illinois, he studied first in the Art Students' League, and was afterward a pupil of Bougereau and Lefebvre at the Julien school. That he has not been brought more prominently before the public as an artist is due to the fact that much of his work has gone to the illustration of magazines.

Among the heads in the exhibition, Walter Blackman's ideal head was much admired; and a "Veiled Head," by Stanley Middleton, was charming.

Among the water colors were five pictures by W. Hamilton Gibson, possessing all the refinement and delicacy of that well-known artist's work; a picture of New England coast scenery by George H. Smillie, which was a fine example of the conservative method in water color; more good work by William Forsyth; and a Holland sketch by J. Wells Champney. It is impossible within the limits of an article not intended to be critical, but merely descriptive and reminiscent, to speak in detail of one hundred and seventy-five paintings.

There should be in every picture exhibition a ballot-box for the deposit of a popular vote. In this way it might be ascertained which picture is best liked. Undoubtedly the picture in this collection most talked about, and about which there was most difference of opinion, was the Twachtman, the "blue snow" Twachtman, the "Last Touch of Sun." If the exhibition sounded the lowest depth of realism in "A Bachelor's Drawer," on which Mr. John Haberle succeeded in painting dollar bills and posters so clev-

erly that they looked as though they were pasted on, it certainly struck its highest imaginative note in the painted light and air of Twachtman. No representative collection of modern art would be complete without a touch of impressionism, and such a picture as this is valuable in training the public to look for more color in landscape than they have been accustomed to see, and showing them also to what point the color sense may be developed in the artist.

FARMIN' IN DAKOTA.

WHEN old Winter gets his back broke an' begins to lose his grip,
And the north end ov airth's axle toward the sun begins ter tip;
When the butter-ducks go whizzin' to their summer feedin' grounds,
An' the medder-lark salutes us with the old familiar sounds;
When the grass begins ter nestle at the news the breezes bring,
An' the prairie all around us wakens at the touch o' Spring,
O, it's then I like ter hustle, when the day begins ter crack,
An' go farmin' in Dakota,—when the birds come back.

In the hush ov airly mornin', when the stars are still in sight
An' the fleecy mists sail upward in the dim, uncertain light,
Every sound that breaks the quiet seems ter let a feller know
That the seed-time is a comin' an' it's time ter make things go.
The honk o' north-bound ganders comes a-floatin' from the blue,
An' the grouse fill in the chorus with a lusty "bim-bum-boo!"
An' the bull-frogs tease a feller, with their everlastin' clack,
To go farmin' in Dakota,—when the birds come back.

When the pussies on the willers er a-swellin' fit ter bust,
An' th' win' flowers poke their bunnits through the hillock's dingy crust;
When the smell o' burnin' strawstacks is a-floatin' in the air
An' the prairie fire its beacons is a-lightin' everywhere;
Then the instinct prods a feller ter prepare fer time o' need,
An' he longs ter tear the ground up an' fling wide the golden seed;
So he hooks his team tergether, o'er his shoulder slings a sack,
An' goes farmin' in Dakota,—when the birds come back.

In the winter time a feller kinder seems ter lose his hold,
An' his blood gits thick an' sluggish, till he 'lows he's gittin' old.
He'll poke round among his cattle, from the haystack to the barn,
With a feelin' that he'd kinder like ter jump the whole consarn;
But when his lazy nostrils git a sniff o' comin' spring,
An' his eyes light on the shadder ov a wild goose on the wing,
O, it sets his blood a-prancin', an' he longs ter leave his shack
An' go farmin' in Dakota,—when the birds come back.

O, the independent feelin' ev'ry pioneer hez known,
When he sets his plow a-diggin' in the ground that's all his own!
'Tis the key to Nater's store-house, all her treasures ter unfold,
An, the man that keeps it punchin' never fails ter git the gold;
So, while many air a-kickin' at the way the world is run,
I'll plod onward in the furrow, through the shadder an' the sun,
Quite content ter trust the Giver, at whose hand we never lack,
An' keep farmin' in Dakota,—when the birds come back.

WHITE LAKE, S. D.

Mortimer C. Brown.

BICYCLE RIDE TO THE CUSTER BATTLE-FIELD.

BY EUGENE MAY.

HAD my original plan been carried out, a party of four would have left Fargo, North Dakota, the latter part of August, for a bicycle trip to the Custer Battle-field and the Yellowstone National Park. I was finally compelled to make the trip alone or abandon it until another season. By rail on the Northern Pacific to Custer Station marks the first stage of the journey.

Our train is flying through the Bad Lands. There is not between the Atlantic and the Pacific, on any railway line, a stranger sight than these Bad Lands afford. Soon after leaving Mandan, patches of this curious and mysterious scenery appear. At Eagle's Nest, straw stacks and hayricks, and round-pointed wheat stacks come into view. Such, at least, they seem to be, and it is hard to divest oneself of the illusion. Farther on, in the heart of these lands, the forms are greatly varied. It becomes difficult to think of anything to compare them with. Someone compares the land to a vast checkerboard, the hills and buttes the checkers. More like a chess-board, I would say, covered with colossal chessmen,—kings, queens, knights and castles, appearing over the plains and hills in exaggerated form. It is like some gigantic city in ruins and totally deserted; like the Egyptian pyramids and fragments of Baalbec and old cathedrals and ruined abbeys arranged before you for inspection; like land plowed by Jupiter with oxen from the sun, the mountains of the moon for plowshares, the oxen having run away with the driver; like some great battle-field of nature, where the elements have warred and fought, have met hand to hand in mortal combat, and been suddenly congealed in the midst of

the fight. Many of the mounds are low and rounded, others are sharp and rugged. The faces of the rougher ones often look human, presenting wrinkled, aged, and scarred features. Alongside these, youthful mounds raise their cheery countenances,—the contrast most striking. There are buttes, pinnacles, battlements, turrets, domes and towers without number. Recovering from the astonishment produced by form, we are enraptured with colors, for here is more varied coloring to the square mile than is to be seen anywhere else in the world. Near the sunset hour I have here seen the most gorgeous tintings and shadings I ever beheld, save only on the skies in Italy and on the walls of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Whence is this wealth of colors, this world of forms? Ages of great pressure and of great heat from beneath, brought to bear upon the once mild mounds of soft, pale blue, or gray



GENERAL CUSTER.

clay, have turned them into their present appearance. Faint veils of pale smoke show the martyrdom that is still going on. The fires are eating out the heart of the hills and leaving the cheeks wrinkled and worn with this burning at the stake.

These Bad Lands really cover an area of 1,000,000 square miles. There are about 10,000 square miles of the Bad Lands proper. They extend from the Missouri river to the Big Horn mountains. Patches of them are found in Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon and California, where the broken condition of the topography is duplicated in a milder measure. The name is a misnomer, for among the hills are beautiful valleys and rich pasture lands, forming in some places a veritable stockman's paradise. The Marquis De Mores has his celebrated ranch in the heart of these lands.

This pyramid park, *Mauvais Terres* (bad lands) of the French, *Ma-koo-si-tcha* (hard road to travel) of the Indians, is the most astounding geological cemetery in the world. The jumbled, rocky masses wear away into the sands far down the slopes and, following a water-course from these hills, one finds every age laid bare, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, Jurassic and Cretaceous. The innumerable terraces preserve the records in bones and fragments of the several ages. Some of the marl beds are crowded with skeletons. The higher beds hold the remains of a great variety of land and fresh-water animals, while down below are the hippopotamus and rhinoceros,—or animals that much resemble them. In the sides of the washed hills are to be found great beds of turtles, forming flesh-colored bands along the ridges, turtles of every size, but of one variety only. Tigers, buffalos and camels were here and, stranger still, the remains of horses are found, showing that before the glacial period America was the home of the horse, though none were found here when the continent was discovered. In the first stratum the horse is seen to have had four toes, in the second, three, in the

third, two; the others in each case showing gradual disuse and loss, and, finally, in the higher tertiary rocks the two side toes are splint bones hidden under the skin as in the horse of the present time. Science owes this wonderful lesson in evolution,—or, better, development,—to the Bad Lands alone. Above the lignite and coal beds are great remains of leaves that were shed from the trees yearly, and far below are the impressions of the leaves of evergreen trees. The geological history revealed by the Bad Lands forms a volume of profoundest interest.

At Fargo we are 900 feet above sea level; at Bismarck, 1,850; and we enter Montana at the altitude of 2,840. It is 367 miles across North Dakota and the astonishing distance of 800 miles from eastern to western border in Montana. At Glendive the railroad borders the banks of the Yellowstone and keeps near it for 340 miles.

I am on the lookout for Custer Station. I presumed it to be something of a town, being the staging point to Fort Custer, but find it to consist of the station house and a single, primitive hotel. The latter structure is a one-story double cabin with a picturesque and rustic front. The genial landlord assures me that it is the best and only first-class hotel in the city! In the dining-room is fastened upon the wall the form of a strange looking owl, with large, remarkable, fan-like feathers about the head. I do not recall ever having seen its like. It was shot by the landlord in the adjoining woods.

Breakfast over, I begin my first ride on the bicycle since leaving Fargo. I was told that mine was the second wheel that had passed over this road, and from Fort Custer to Billings mine was the first.

Leaving the station just as the stage was starting for Fort Custer, I had ridden but a short distance when—off I came. Sand, pebbles, deep dust, alkali, up-hill! It was a bad combination and not at all a bright outlook. Mounting again I struggled over the comparatively level region between the station and the hills a mile

or so away. Then I was compelled to dismount and push up the stony, steep grade until reaching the bench above, where the roads were fairly good, and became better and better as I advanced.

The Big Horn mountains heave in view from this table-land. Recent snows have robbed their tops and they are clear-cut and glorious to behold, a hundred miles distant. The mountains, O, the mountains! How they thrill me and fill me! I am blest and subdued in their gracious presence. My heart chimes with Ruskin,—they are to me a school-house and a cathedral.

The riding has been quite good for a number of miles, but now becomes less favorable. The alkali dust is very annoying. An intolerable thirst seizes one, and water is scarce. The lips parch and the tongue swells, and the throat is swollen and sore. One becomes used to the alkali in time, they say, but the newcomer is sure to suffer. Later on, the Big Horn river furnishes opportunity to quench the great thirst and bathe the feverish brow.

Perfect silence seems to reign to-day in the valley of the Big Horn. There are no animals to be seen; there is no flight of bird or buzz of insect. The whole region is hushed into the eloquence of silence that moves me more than speech or sound. Silent now, but what sounds were once heard here! Here were buffalo, —250,000 slain in one winter in this valley and the adjoining region,—elk, deer, and other game in abundance; Indians in the hunting expedition, or on the war-path; frontiersmen with their prophecy of civilization, and soldiers sent to subdue the savage. Along this way General Terry and his army marched in '76, and just over yonder ridge of hills went the gallant Custer and his brave band on their fated way to death.

On our right now a great cliff frowns and huge boulders are strewn along the wayside in a bewildering scatterment, as if some Hercules had passed in wrath along the ridge above and hurled these giant stones down upon his foes.

We arrive at the Eighteen-Mile House and stop for lunch. The house is situated eighteen miles from Custer Station. It has required two and a half hours to make the journey, which, considering the nature of the roads, is fairly good time. The pack I carry, fitted into the bicycle frame, weighs twenty-five pounds, and this, together with a rubber coat and the wheel, makes a total weight of at least sixty pounds. At the lunch house a huge, fat, odd-looking old squaw takes care of the baby while the landlady prepares the meal. "We have odd nurses here," she remarks. Indeed they do. Curious, hideous, startling at times, were the noises that issued from that squaw's great mouth as she strove to keep the little fellow quiet. She succeeded in spite of my silent prophecy that she would frighten the child to death.

Ho! for the alkali dust again, fair roads through the river bottom, and then a half-mile of impassable sand through which we must push the wheel, and the pontoon bridge is before us and Fort Custer frowning on the heights across the river. The fort is glorious for situation. A more commanding and natural position for defence could hardly be found. Colonel Perry is in command and three hundred colored troops are stationed here. One company of Indians, about twenty in number, under Lieutenant Wright, have, as a company, a precarious existence. The Indians do not take naturally or otherwise to soldier life. The experiment is destined to be recorded as a total failure.

My cyclometer shows thirty-four miles since leaving Custer Station. It is yet about fifteen miles to the Custer Battle-field. The roads, however, are first-class for the wheel and the distance is covered in good time. It is up-grade in the main the entire way to the Custer Battle-field, but generally the ascent is gradual and the latter part of the way is more nearly level. The Little Big Horn river is then followed, and three miles this side of the Battle-field suddenly the Crow Agency comes in view, and beyond is easily dis-

tinguished the monument marking Custer Heights, erected near the spot where General Custer fell.

For many years I had longed to visit this battle-field, one of the most famous in the annals of Indian warfare. The picturesque and heroic Custer, with the sad fate of himself and men on this field, gives to it an interest beyond that of many greater battles. From the agency the road to the monument is excellent. Here I would have had my first fording experience but for the aid of the new railroad then building through the valley, the bridge furnishing me passage over the river. On wheel and on foot I went over the entire battle-ground of that memorable June day in '76. I was fortunate enough to find a soldier to accompany me, one who was with General Terry's forces and who arrived on the battle-field the day after the fight.

General Custer was born in New Rumley, Ohio, in 1839. In '57 he went to West Point and graduated into the army

in '61. As a boy he carried a toy musket and marched beside his father in the militia. At the age of eighteen, when he entered West Point, his beautiful, clear complexion, head of golden curls and sunny smile, attracted much attention. He was lowest in his class, being thirty-fourth, and his boyish pranks and the breaking of some of the ironclad laws of that staid old military school came near ruining his prospects. In July, '61, at the age of twenty-one, he was in the army and took part in the first battle of the war,—disastrous Bull Run. On General McClellan's staff, later under General Hancock, fighting in company with the gallant Kilpatrick, he distinguished himself as a brave and daring soldier. He was prominent in the Seven Days' fight and on the famed field of Gettysburg, closely following the fortunes of the War to the end. It was to General Custer himself that Robert E. Lee first sent his desire to surrender. The flag of truce was an old towel, still preserved among the Custer family relics.



THE BIG HORN RIVER.

Scene Opposite Custer Post. The Post is faintly outlined on the Bluff in the distance.



THE FERRY BRIDGE.

Two of these pontoons are used as a ferry boat when the water is so swift and high that the bridge cannot be trusted.

When his future wife was only eight years old and he but twelve, he passed the gate of the residence of Judge Bacon, in Monroe, and the Judge's little bright-eyed girl called out, "Hello, you Custer boy!" She blushed at her daring and ran back into the house, but Custer ever remembered her sweet face and cheery greeting, and vowed then that he would marry her some day. When she was seventeen and he was twenty-one he met her again at an evening gathering and, being introduced, took occasion during the conversation to remind her of their meeting at her father's gate by the old home. She, at first, did not receive his attentions heartily. He had become addicted to light spreeing and social drinking and found it hard to get into her good graces with such a record clinging to him. On one occasion she saw him reeling home, and had about foresworn him forever, but his favorite and much beloved sister lectured him severely, and finally secured a promise from him never to

touch liquor again,—a vow he faithfully kept. He won her love, conquered the opposition of Judge Bacon, and married the daughter in February, 1864.

The War over, he gave his services to the regular army, and the story of his life in the West is familiar to all. As an Indian fighter he soon ranked second to none. In '76 he was selected to command the expedition against Sitting Bull and his blood-thirsty Sioux. Busied with the preparations for this task, he was summoned from Fort Abraham Lincoln to Washington, D. C., to testify in the famous Belknap impeachment case. He begged to remain, but was forced to go. His testimony, straightforward, true and honest, was not helpful to Grant's favorite, and the President was angered at him. When Custer reached Chicago, on his return, he was met by a telegram from Grant commanding him to await further orders. Later, he was deprived of the leadership of the Indian War and, indeed, it was only after earnest and per-

sistent pleading on the part of himself and his friends that he was permitted to go to the front at all. It was a weak moment in the life of the great General Grant and it finds no apology to-day. Had Custer been in full command, the Indian War would have resulted differently.

The Sioux Indians, a very warlike and ferocious race, had the crafty and cruel Sitting Bull for leader. Crowded toward the West, the territory of the Sioux bordered at length upon that of the Crow Indians. In '68 the Sioux had been given a region equal to two large states and extending from the Missouri river westward to the country of the Yellowstone. The Sioux waged relentless war upon the Crows. Eighty miles west of the Missouri river may be seen from the car windows "Young Man's Butte," where thirty Crow Indians were slain by the Sioux. They had made an expedition into the Sioux territory near Mandan and were overtaken by five hundred Sioux warriors. Six of the Crows were surrounded by their enemies on this butte. The other Crows might have escaped but returned to die with their comrades. Two whole days they kept the butte against the entire force of the Sioux, but on the third day, only twelve of them remaining alive, suffering for water and with ammunition nearly gone, they resolved to die as braves, and, rushing down the butte upon their foes, one hundred of the Sioux warriors bit the dust before they could be slain. The Sioux were very wily. Finding extermination impracticable, they tried later to incorporate the Crows with their own tribe. They smoked the pipe of peace with them and along the Big Horn river were partially successful in winning over their enemies. This caused a division among the Crows, and those who sided with the Sioux were known as the River Crows and the others as the Mountain Crows. The Mountain Crows were friendly to the whites and, after the death of Colonel Bozeman at the hands of the Cheyenne branch of the Sioux, became their faith-

ful allies. The Sioux were constantly annoying the whites and murdering them as occasion came to hand. The valley of the Big Horn was the Valley of Death to many miners and frontiersmen. More than fifty white men perished there, at one time or another, at the hands of the Sioux. The government at Washington was dilly-dallying with the savages and letting the robbing and murdering go on. The citizens of the Gallatin valley resolved at length to endure the outrages no longer. One hundred and fifty frontiersmen were armed and organized and war was declared against Sitting Bull. The campaign was carried on principally in the Big Horn valley. They fought the Indians with Indian tactics,—the only way they have ever been successfully dealt with. In the first battle fifty Sioux were slain and in the second battle one hundred, and the only loss to the white men was one man. They buried the dead comrade and placed a keg of powder in the grave with a slow fuse attached. When the Indians, coming later, digged to get the soldier's scalp, the powder exploded and a number of the savages were killed. They said, "We are brave, but we cannot fight against white men who can shoot from holes in the ground after they are dead!" The success of this campaign greatly enraged the Indians and they swore a terrible revenge, should opportunity ever come. Custer's tragic death was the fulfillment of that vow.

The Custer battle was fought on the 25th of June, 1876. The story from one side will never be told. Not a man of the two hundred and seventy-seven, or three hundred and fifteen, as variously estimated, escaped to tell the tale. Thermopylae had one survivor to relate the bravery of his comrades and to commit suicide for shame that he had not died with them. But there was none to come out of this battle. For many years it was supposed that one Crow scout (Curley) did escape, but it is now positively known that no one who was with Custer after the engagement began lived to tell the story. Sitting Bull had planned a great massacre of

the whites, and, to frustrate his purpose, quell the outbreak and subdue the savages, once for all, this campaign was begun. General Terry was in command, with General Gibbon under him, and Custer at the head of his gallant Seventh. Custer led the way and was the first to discover the Indians, camped along the Little Big Horn, their tepees reaching up the river for three miles or more, about five thousand strong, twenty-five hundred well-armed braves. Had Custer waited until Terry and Gibbon came up with him and then attacked, the victory must have been overwhelming. By some of his critics he has been severely blamed for not waiting. Doubtless there were several good reasons why he did not wait.

First, the forces of Sitting Bull were underestimated. The scouts had not properly reported the strength of the foe.

Second, he had the utmost confidence in the complete success of his plan of attack.

Third, he had no orders not to go into battle, if he thought best.

Fourth, he was smarting under the restraint of Grant's order and wished to have the glory of defeating the savages alone with his noble and beloved band of long tried and daring Indian fighters.

And there was yet another reason, I think, that wrought mightily. He was notably dashing, impetuous, daring, brave to recklessness, and it was in perfect harmony with his genius and character to rush at once into the field of conflict impelled by the spirit within him, pausing for no parley when the fire of battle was to be kindled and there was a shadow of a chance for victory. Thus had he charged with his men at Bull Run, and in the Seven Days' fight, and at Gettysburg, saying, "Come on, boys, I'll lead you!"

There were about 540 men in his command. These he divided into four parts. Reno, with three com-

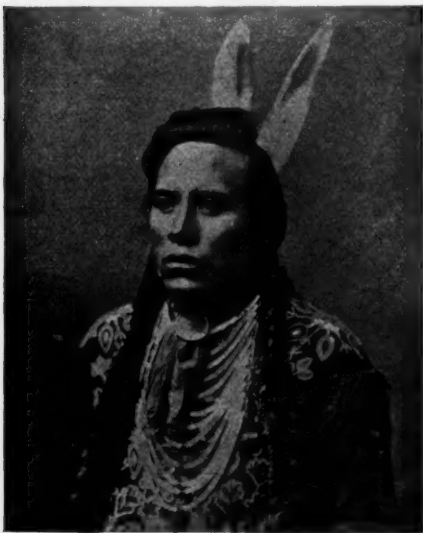
panies and forty Crow scouts, occupied the center. Benteen, with three more companies, was well to the south, and Custer, with the major portion of the soldiers, at the north. In the rear of Reno were forty-five men with the pack train. The attack was to have been simultaneous. Had this been the case, victory must still have been certain. The distances were misjudged and the time miscalculated. Benteen was so far south that he missed the Indian camp at first. Reno began the attack, but Custer had not yet charged upon the Indians. Ere he could join in the battle, Reno had begun a retreat. Reno was soon entrenched on the bluffs and was joined there by Benteen and his men. When Custer reached the brow of the hill and saw the Indian camps, he must at once have realized that he had misapprehended their strength. But it was too late then to retreat, and he was too daring to think of doing so. Relieved from Reno's attack, the savages, concentrated their full force upon Custer's men.



THE CUSTER BATTLE-FIELD MONUMENT.

In half an hour after Custer looked down upon the Indian camps he was dead, and not one of his comrades living.

Standing on the rather mild eminence where Reno was entrenched, one looks with ease over the opening field of this battle. A few remains of the rifle pits are yet to be seen. Down below us and not very far away is the ford of the river where Reno crossed and recrossed with his men, and a few trees mark Ash Hollow where he first took his stand. The valley was well wooded then and the grove furnished ample protection for his soldiers. The path of retreat was from Ash Hollow to where we are standing. Just this side of the river a small, white slab marks the place where the first soldier fell. Near the top of the hill and within a stone's throw from us is the Surgeon DeWolf slab, where he was shot down, almost but not quite reaching a place of safety. Some three miles to the northeast is the chief spot of interest, the place where Custer and his men gave up their lives.



CURLEY CROW.
The famous Indian Scout.

What does the field look like now? Facing towards the east from the place where Custer fell, we see stretching away vast billows of hills, and ridges, and coulées, back of which for many miles are the rocky, bleak cliffs, ravines and gullies, from which issued these soldiers the day before their death. Turning to the west, the river is a mile or so away, winding gracefully through a garden-like looking land. The river bottom is from one to two miles in width, and beyond the river the hills roll gently and beautifully toward the mountains and, seemingly, not far distant, are the glowing and glorious domes and peaks of the Big Horn range. Along the slope of the hill in the direction of Reno's position and down toward the river, glisten in the sunlight the white slabs, each marking the place where a dead soldier was found. They were buried where they fell, by General Terry's men, who arrived the next day. The slabs, single, twos, threes, fours, and groups of them, extend for three-quarters of a mile along the slope.

At one point there are thirty of these slabs, but the largest number seem to be grouped about where Custer died. Quite a way along the ridge and farthest down toward the river is where Captain Keogh and his soldiers fell. Between these slabs and the Custer group are many others. The north end of the ridge, where we are standing, is the highest point, and rounds away to the north and east, and just below this point, facing southwest, is where Custer and most of his men met their fate. Some were facing east, some southeast, others north. The slabs are set facing the direction in which their bodies were found lying.

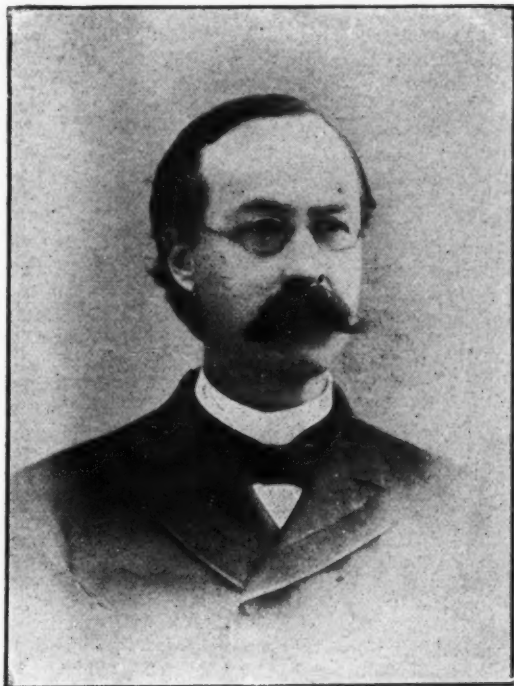
One band of savages led by Gall, by far the superior of Sitting Bull as a warrior, came up from the so-called Custer Ford, along the coulée and around the ridge from the south, while Crazy Horse, the great fighter, with another band

rushed up along the cou-lée to the northwest. The Indians then poured over the crest of the hill from the east and fought from the safer recesses of the hollows and gullies near, and every soldier trying to escape was soon overtaken and killed. No Indians came between the ridge and the river, and no soldier with Custer ever reached the river. Seeing the battle-field one can readily understand how, once entrapped here, there was not the slightest possibility of escape.

Reno was certainly to blame to some extent for this terrible disaster. How much, will probably forever be a debatable question. He could have held the grove in Ash Hollow against the whole band of savages, or he could later have come to Custer's rescue.

Where Custer and his men were there was not a tree, or shrub, or shelter of the slightest kind. The only excuses for Reno seem to be that his men stampeded in the beginning of the fight, appalled by the vast numbers of the Indians whose tepees were mostly concealed from their view by a bend in the river, and that later in the fight he was too far away from Custer to hear the firing, or to know his real danger. Court-martialed after the battle, he was acquitted, but the terrible fate of Custer and his noble fellows preyed upon his mind and later he committed suicide in New York City.

General Custer never reached the river, contrary to first opinion, neither himself nor any of his men ever getting down that slope from the summit of which they must first have seen what their fate was to be. Sitting Bull says that Custer fell



REV. EUGENE MAY, D. D., FARGO, N. D.

with a mortal wound, but after receiving the wound fired a shot from a pistol killing an Indian, and then raising himself upon his hands, fired again; then, with a defiant laugh, fell back to die. But Sitting Bull was not in the fight at all. He and his family were hastily seeking a place of safety and were well to the west of the conflict. Hearing, however, that his men were winning the day, he returned, and with bold presumption attributed the victory to his prayers on the hills for them. Rain-in-the-Face says he killed Custer, but this is extremely doubtful. It is probable that he fell early in the fight. He was found lying on his face, a bullet in his side and one in his temple, a blanket over him and his body unmutilated and unscalped. His was the only body the savages respected. Horrible and indescribable was the muti-

lation of the others. Beside Long Hair—as the Indians were wont to term him—lay Captain Yates, Lieutenants Riley and Smith, Tom Custer, Boston Custer and Autie Reed. The Indians say that in front of this heroic band one hundred and sixty-five of their number lay dead.

All is quiet now ; so still, so peaceful ! The coulées are beautiful with their carpets of grass and ornaments of flowers. The gentle winds play among the blooms and wave the green carpet while the sunlight sports with the hills and mounds, and gleams not unpleasantly from the white slabs themselves. O, what a place to die in ! It is full of beauty, poetry, sublimity. The scene that Custer faced when he fell is wonderful to behold. The afternoon sun was giving forth its fairest

light, then as now ; the river, so bright, gliding along below, winding like silver through the grasses and the trees ; the brown hills beyond like the playgrounds of childhood ; the higher hills intensely lighted, and the mountains looming in their glory like clouds in the sky, clearly outlined, spotless and splendid. Well might one say as Zanotti said of some ideal death : "Thus would I die, thus would I die !"

Reluctantly I leave this fascinating field. The sun is going down as I depart, and an unwonted splendor falls upon it,—a soft light bathing with glory the monument that marks the spot where Custer fell. Twilight overtakes and deepens round me ere the welcome lights of Fort Custer come in view.

RESTING AT OKOBOJI.

By S. H. M. BYERS.

SOMEbody has written a magazine article telling people how to listen to Wagner's music. I am about to write an article, just a little one, to tell people how to enjoy Okoboji, that prettiest of all Iowa lakes. The Indians, our worthy predecessors in this lake region of the prairies, did not require someone to tell them that here was one of the loveliest spots in the world. The men who built castles and convents in former times all over Europe knew how to select the most telling scenery. Everybody who travels says that, and the Sioux Indians of the West evinced a taste as unerring when they placed their lodges near the beautiful waters of Minnetonka, Okoboji and Spirit Lake.

Nature rests the soul of man ; tranquil waters, beautiful scenes inspire him. No long apprenticeship to art is needed to help the most stolid heart to an appreciation of dear, beautiful nature. I knew of a culprit on the scaffold once saying : "Please raise the cap a moment that I

may see the hills again." It was like bidding good-bye to one's mother.

We Americans work too hard, every mother's son of us, and here in the West the drive is even worse than in the East. Unfortunately we are noted for almost nothing except pork and politics—and work. It is dig, dig, dig, forever dig—and what comes of it all ? Exactly nothing. Yes, something—exhausted nerves, irritable tempers, unhappiness, and at last—hopes crushed. Nature will not be hurried. The body breaks down, the intellect dwarfs. Look about and note the sudden wrecks, all over this country, of able men who drifted into the maelstrom of overwork. Every reader notes them among his own acquaintances. Every city is full of them. We have been a race of pioneers—everything was to be made and builded ; in the making and the building we have done ourselves injury. Perhaps it could not be helped. But look at the pile of dead men's bones—lawyers, doctors, editors, statesmen,



MANHATTAN BEACH.

teachers, and men in commercial life, whose lives have gone out in early misery because of this everlasting rush.

But now we can stop. Our farms are improved; our towns and cities, churches, colleges, and railroads are built. If the building killed our fathers and crippled us, let us at least enjoy these things a little. Let us rest. The chase has done us no good. The rich man lost all in his last speculation. The overworked lawyer died before he got his fees, the statesman wrecked himself at the roadside before his fame was accomplished.

"But rest where? Resting costs money!" So it does. One need not go to Europe, nor to Saratoga, nor to the seaside. There are as delightful resting places right here in Iowa as there are in Europe or the East,—if it is really *rest* and not excitement we are after. How few realize that within a hundred miles or so of Iowa's Capital there is a lake as beautiful as any lake in Italy! Only mountains and history are wanting to

make Okoboji as enchanting as Guarda or the Lake of Zürich. The very simplicity of Okoboji's surroundings, its unkempt woods, its magnificent prairie, the absence of everything artificial,—all add to its charms. It is true Nature unspoiled by artifice. All the world is not looking on. When the sun rises, the air is as fresh, the scene as quiet, inspiring and beautiful as on that morning when the stars first sang together.

Minnetonka is beautiful; Okoboji is fairer still. I do not know of a more delightful, restful scene than that blue water with its fairy-like inlets winding back among shady headlands, its borders of young oak trees, its background of prairie.

I saw it first on a summer evening from the boat landing at Arnold's Park. Scores of lake dwellers had come to the Des Moines train to see the new arrivals. The ride from the Capital had been long, dusty and hot. Ill-mannered people had littered the car with orange peels, refuse of lunch and tobacco juice. We were all

glad when some one cried out, "Here we are!"

How delighted seemed the smiling faces out on the platform! Then the Manhattan Beach orchestra played—and the boat for Manhattan beach steamed out into the blue lake. We all rushed up on the deck. It was evening; there had been a rainstorm, and the sun was setting in a mist of opalescent clouds. Every color seemed dazzling and illumining the wet western sky. On our right the banks were grassy green at Given's point, and the white tents and beautiful cottages under the oak groves stretched off past Fort Dodge point and into the distance. On the left loomed Pillsbury promontory, abrupt and lonely.

"Look at the sun!—look at the sky!—look at the green shore!—look at the white yachts!"—such were the exclamations which came from eager lips, all about us.

We did look, and the band played, and the boat danced on the water, and the white sails skipped past us and around us. We were delighted. It was such a perfect summer evening! Such a delicious scene! We forgot the city with its racket of street cars and omnibuses, its weary

lawyers and hurrying merchants. We were already resting! We did not think of the dirty streets, nor the loafers hanging over the railings, nor the yelling newsboys, nor the mantle of coal dust and smoke,—we were out of it all! Here all was clean, fresh, beautiful and restful.

"It is like a scene on the Bosphorous," someone said, looking through his hands, having shaped them like a field-glass. Only he saw no palaces out on the shore, no Turks in big trousers, no veiled women and no salaaming of grave seigniors. What he did see, however, was beautiful water, long, low banks fringed with oak trees and here and there a fir, pretty promontories, and inlets—and white sails. The bells of St. Sophia were not sounding in his ear, but in their stead the happy voices of men and women,—made happy by this beautiful touch of nature's handiwork.

At different landing places the steamer touched, and other happy faces came on board. Dozens of fresh-looking pretty girls were in evening toilet, for it happened to be the very evening of the weekly ball at Manhattan beach. The sun had set, the shadows gathered and the young girls in white dresses and satin slippers looked



"Past Fort Dodge Point and into the distance."



" Pillsbury promontory, abrupt and lonely. "

like real fairies coming out of the green groves at Omaha beach and clambering along the narrow gangway to the steamer. But young swains in black coats were not wanting there either. Where there is a woman there is a man. They were happy, and to all of them youth looked as if it might last forever.

One seldom sees a prettier sight than Manhattan on a "dance night,"—the white caps skipping along in the darkness over the lake, the water murmuring up over the sand close to the dancers—the happy people promenading along the great piazza of the brilliantly lighted pavilion to the sound of music.

Yet, within five minutes walk of all this is the rolling and boundless prairie, looking just as it looked a thousand years ago!

The very next day commenced our boating excursions, our fishing, our walks to the prairie. We went everywhere. I had never seen such fishing. Even ladies came in of a morning with a string of fifty bass and perch and pickerel in their boat. Fish stories, "true ones," that I had never before heard, were told,—marvelous, miraculous! Fish were caught just for the fun of the thing! There were

too many to be eaten or sold. They just begged to be taken in out of the wet. Alas for me! no fish ever nibbled at my line! Fishing is not my forte. I was satisfied to see them on the table.

Little steamers ply daily between the hotel and the tent and cottage "settlements" on the lake, so there is much visiting of friends; much going to and fro, and no end of picnics and good times. There is good society all about the lakes, too; and not much of the other kind.

Here at the lakes one meets in fact the best society from Des Moines, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Sioux City and Dubuque, and an occasional Southerner. Many have delightful cottages of their own, expensive ones, too, fitted up with taste and elegance. Five hundred dollar cottages, thousand dollar cottages, are not uncommon.

The beautiful villas at Badgerow's bay at the upper end of Manhattan beach would do credit to Newport. Badgerow's is one of the places to visit, for there in the grove one sees Indian graves and, near by, the trails of the buffalo. The views from the cottages are charming, and if one is really ailing, here are mineral waters for his infirmities, and for his

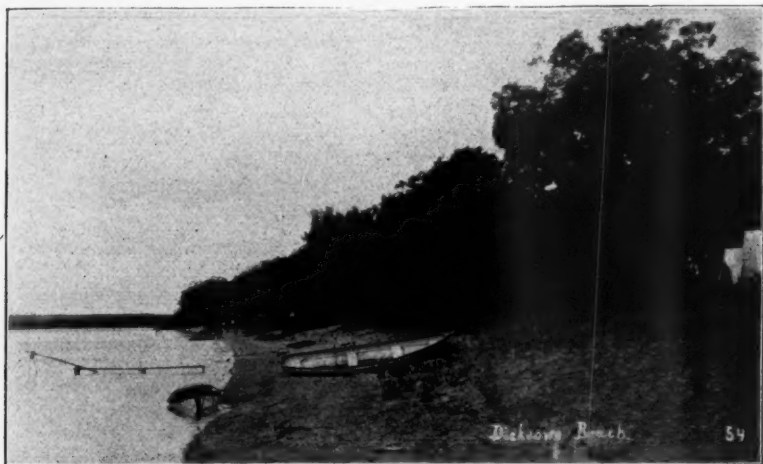
stomach's sake. These waters, they say, contain large quantities of bi-carbonates of lime and magnesia. They are said to have a favorable effect on diseased kidneys and stomach. The wonder is that enterprise has not conducted these mineral waters from Badgerow's down to Manhattan beach pavilion where the public could really use them. Perhaps this is one of the advantages to be had in the future, for I am informed that Manhattan is itself shortly to undergo certain improvements of importance. As a bathing beach nothing that money can do could improve Manhattan. The Manhattan company owns a stretch of lake shore here, a mile and a half long, and are selling it off in lots for cottages. It is not only the best of the numerous beaches on the lakes, it is one of the very best bathing beaches in the United States. The slope is long and gradual, and the sandy bottom perfect. Almost everybody who goes to Manhattan bathes in the lake, and the scene in front of the pavilion at bathing hours is full of merriment. Boating and toboggan sliding are as common as swimming, rowing and fishing, and the season sees many expert oarsmen congregated there.

Beautiful Spirit Lake is only a few miles away and the steamers make frequent excursions there from Okoboji. It has its devotees and its great Hotel Orleans, but I would not hesitate long as to which water the palm of beauty really belongs.

Minnewashta is another charming little fairy lake but a few minutes walk from Arnold's Park station.

Arnold's Park offers one of the most delightful views of Lake Okoboji. It is only a pity that so many careless tenters are allowed to litter the whole park till it looks like an abandoned camp. The more the pity for here is where strangers get their first view of Okoboji.

The Okoboji Lake region has figured prominently in the early history of Iowa. In the pretty woods back of Pillsbury point is the principal site of the fierce Indian massacre of 1857. The log house where the murdered Gardner family lived still stands there in perfect preservation. The only survivor of the horrible tragedy, a daughter of the Gardners, Abigail Gardner Sharp, lives in the cabin and relates incidents of the spectacle witnessed by her own eyes. Visitors to the cabin shudder at the narrative, and for a moment realize the dangers encountered by



DICKSON'S BEACH.

the first settlers. A monument in memory of the massacred settlers is now being erected over their graves.

The sites of other Indian atrocities in the neighborhood of East Okoboji and Spirit Lake are also pointed out. They were a part of the same barbarous massacre.

One of the interesting features of Lake Okoboji is the long lake wall from Fort Dodge point toward Dickson's beach. It has the regularity of artificial masonry, but the real builders were the floods and the ice and the storm.

As a resort for rest, health and pleasure, this chain of lakes cannot be ex-

celled. Nothing can be more delightful in the hot season than tenting on their shores or living a life of ease in one of the handsome cottages so common there. The air is pure, the water clear, deep and beautiful. West Okoboji Lake has a depth of from fifty to two hundred feet. Near Manhattan beach is the highest point of land in Iowa. It is one thousand feet above Des Moines.

If somebody invites you to come to Lake Okoboji, or if you can see your way to invite yourself to go, don't wait—thank the gods, pack your trunk, stand not upon the order of your going, but *go!*

LOVE AND SORROW.

"I HOLD Love captive by youth's joyous chains,"—
So sings a maiden fair.
The breezes softly waft the perfume sweet
Of lilies everywhere.

O little maid, thy happy song is sweet,
While bright the summer day;
So soon the lilies bend their drooping heads,
Thy dream must fade away!

"I hold Love captive by pomp's golden chains,"—
Exults a woman fair.
Proudly she beckons to the little god
Her royal state to share.

O woman dear, thou'lt lack not suitors bold
To share thy life so gay;
Affrighted by thy noisy, golden chains,
Thy Love has stol'n away.

"I hold Love captive by a sorrow shared,"—
Whispers a mourner low.
The bending cypress boughs droop o'er a grave,
On which white daisies grow.

O weeping one, thy mournful strain is true.
Of grief that Love has part—
No closer bond he knows, but weeping comes
To nestle in thy heart.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Elizabeth K. Reynolds.

A QUAINT OLD MOUNTAIN TOWN.

PICTURESQUE MONTJOIE WITH ITS TENTH CENTURY CASTLE AND ITS SIXTEENTH CENTURY LIFE.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XIII.

WE HAD long talked of Montjoie. Rain and other detentions had several times postponed our visit to that picturesque old Franco-Prussian town. At eight o'clock, one beautiful May morning, we took the train at Aix, and at 10:30, after a steep ascent of several hundred feet, the guard informed us we had reached the Montjoie ("Monzhua") station.

The journey takes us by a winding way south by southeast, into the Eiffel Waste. We pass Rothe Erde, with its yellow-red clay, out of which the brick of Aix-la-Chapelle is chiefly made.

We have a good view of the old church at Kornelimünster. Way back in 821 the pious Ludwig, son of Charlemagne, built a convent here. In 1310 the Aachen

burgers burned it down and beat the monks who defended it. Soon after, it was rebuilt. The convent is now used as a seminary and the Church has numerous relics treasured here.

From this point the train, with many a curve, ascends the mountains, affording frequent glimpses of the valley and the distant hills. The country becomes wilder and more barren. It resembles the plateaus leading to the Rocky mountains, in the absence of large cultivated fields and in the extent to which grazing is the prevalent industry.

The Montjoie station is a half-hour's walk from the city. The wagon-road we take to town is upon the edge of the narrow valley of the Roer, a small mountain



PICTURESQUE MONTJOIE.

"What a strange town this is—squeezed into the narrowest of valleys—and the valley bounded by outcropping rocks!"



MONTJOIE'S TENTH CENTURY CASTLE.

"Far up the sidewise leaning rocks, boldly projected against the sky, stands all that is here left by war and time to mark the castle-building epoch of Charlemagne."

stream running in a westerly course north and emptying into the Maas.

Our first glimpse of the valley evokes exclamations of delight. The stream is clear as crystal. Many of the boulders which form its rough bottom project out of the water,—so many that one can cross almost anywhere by stepping and jumping from stone to stone.

This section of the valley is called Wiesenthal. In the center of the scene is a cloth manufactory, or "tuch-fabrik," which was built in 1809. It is still running, but it is almost the last of many mills that once, in the era of water-power, and before the days of shipment by rail, were extensively operated here.

We pass a large wooden cross so old that the wood is one mass of dry rot. A child could push it over, but no child could be found in or about Wiesenthal who would do it violence.

A turn in the road brings us in full view of the old ruined-wall tower upon the mountain to the left of Montjoie. We

recognize it as an old friend, for its pictured profile has time and again attracted our attention. Time, with its frosts and winds and rains, has worn far down into its round walls. The tower, with its curve thus broken, stands out against the sky with striking distinctness. In front of the ruin are seats for visitors. Winding paths lead to the spot, and a flag waves an invitation to the stranger.

But where is Montjoie? Another turn in the road and it lies almost at our feet! And see, to the right, standing guard over the town upon the high, rocky hill there, stands the old ruined castle, the pride of the Roerthal and the chief object of interest to the visitor!

What a strange town this is—squeezed into the narrowest of valleys—and the valley bounded by outcropping rocks! Many of the buildings have a squeezed look—so elongated river-wise, so narrow hill-wise, and reaching up into the air so dangerously high! Their plastered brick walls are ornamented and strengthened

by timbers running crossways, as is the fashion in rural Germany, and these timbers are painted in dark colors, producing picturesque effects which Americans are quick to note. The narrow, paved streets swarm with people. The stone bridges and stone walls protecting the outer edge of streets leading up the hill seem built with a view to art effects, as well as for resistance to time's encroachments. The step-roofs, the quaintly curved roofs with acorn-shaped towers to match, the many-windowed roofs, all these tiled, with the exception of a few which are slated, give to the hillside view a charming variety in roofs.

That first view of the old castle is one of striking beauty and singularity. The rocky hill upon which it stands extends far toward the center of the town, and the Roer winds about it. Behind the hill to the south is a cloth factory managed by a relative of the widow who owns the castle. Here is a little community called Landrathsamt, all by itself, though but a short distance around the hill from Montjoie.

Far up the sidewise leaning rocks, boldly projected against the sky, stands all that is here left by war and time to mark the castle-building epoch of Charlemagne and his immediate successors.

But all that is left is considerable. The massive walls still rise high above their foundations, but their uneven lines tell at a distance their own story of decay. Above the wall line are seen the green branches of trees which have sprung up in the large courtyard since the last sacking of the fortress by the French in 1813. The walls, too, are ornamented with moss and shrubs and vines. The great round tower remains, unharmed by vandalism and by time. Its suggestion of unconquerable strength in the presence of decay, its completed curves,—lines of beauty all,—in contrast with the broken lines about it, have a charm which at most can only be suggested.

Beyond and connecting with the castle walls on the east is a Catholic hospital for the crippled and mentally infirm.

But we are now arrived at the foot of the hill and are in town. We walk through the narrow paved streets—peering into the small open windows, noting the quaint old furniture, the equally quaint old wives and grandmothers sitting tranquilly in life's shade awaiting the call to go, and meantime serenely knitting socks for the children. Young and middle-aged women are coming and going through the streets, bare-headed and with hair smooth-combed without suggestion of curl or bang. Many are knitting as they walk—a common sight everywhere in Germany.

We pass the Protestant church, a good-sized stone building with a double-acorn steeple. It stands facing a foot-bridge upon the walled edge of the Roer. The soothing ripple of the water over the stones in the river must make doubly hard the preacher's task of moving the souls of his hearers! The Catholic church stands farther up the hill. Its side walls, inner wood, carving and tapestries are several hundred years old, but its new slate roof gives it a modern look.

The dwellings are strangely out of plumb. They bulge in and they bulge out, their occupants apparently without thought of insecurity. One old house, whose iron braces (made in the shape of figures, as is the German custom,) tell us it was built in "1586," bulges out so far in front that our party instinctively take the other side of the street to give it an uninterrupted opportunity to let go, and so end its long struggle to hold together.

Another house, part stable, part dwelling, has an immense bulge over the stable and cellar door, suggesting imminent catastrophe. Near the bulge is an old inscription which reads almost like satire:

"Dieses Haus Steht in Gottes hand
Gott bewahre es vor feuer und Brand.
1763."

Which, being interpreted, is, as the reader discovers, that the house, built in 1763, is in God's hand, and God is asked (and expected) to guard it from fire and burning. Some day—maybe to-mor-

row, perhaps twenty years hence—there will be borne from the ruins of that house the subjects of a well-attended funeral, and man's neglect of God's law of gravity will, on that occasion, be piously charged up to the inscrutable will of the Almighty!

But here we are, in front of an inviting old inn, "Hotel de la Tour." We take a light lunch and while eating, amuse ourselves by coveting, in a mild way, our neighbor's furnishings. The old landlord comes in and bows a stately welcome to his guests. As he is disposed to talk, we ask him what he will take for that old dresser, its oak-carved drawers beautifully inlaid with lighter wood. He solemnly remarks that it is many hundred years old and very valuable, but he will let it go for two thousand marks (about \$500). We don't allow the figures to frighten us, but we change the subject.

Following the wirth's directions we find an old key with an old man attached thereto, and are soon climbing the covered stairway leading to the castle and the hospital.

In the shade, and apparently a part of it, near the castle gate, stands a queer, dwarfish figure of a man, from whose large head two eyes laugh at us. At night one might fancy this creature an embodiment of some old legend alive with gnomes and fairies; but it is only eleven o'clock, A. M., and our guide informs us the goblin is a harmless idiot waiting to be let into the hospital.

We seek to enter through the ruins of a great gateway and tower and, after following its winding stairs a little way, turn back because we are obliged to. We then enter the court upon a lower plane. Inside this court, where, nine hundred years ago, armed men were defending the fortress with javelins and great rocks, there has since sprung up from the earth, made of centuries of decaying rock, a grove of trees stretching their tall trunks upward after light, their branches making a green canopy overhead. In this grove, inside the castle court, stand two small brass cannon, left there by the French, after the defeat of Napoleon

by Blücher, and presented to Montjoie by the German Kaiser.

We climb over the debris of ruined wall and enter the castle proper. It is a sad sight. A place that was once a home but is not now, whether it be a deserted hut in the woods or on the prairie, or an abandoned castle upon the heights, is a sad sight at any time. The animated old keeper tells us a long story of the last bauer who lived here, the tenant of the lord of Julich. He remembers well when the castle was inhabited. About a half-century ago the tenant became discouraged and served notice on his landlord that he would quit if the castle wasn't thoroughly overhauled. The owner figured on the cost and then shook his head. Ever since, the castle has posed as a ruin. But not until lately has the place been well known to the outside world. Since the new railroad, built in '85, the keeper has shown thousands of people through the ruins.

We are now in the main body of the castle, looking down upon the valley and out upon the hills beyond. But the better outlook in all directions is the roof of the round tower at the north end of the castle. An underground passage leads to the tower. We must go through that passage, so we tell the guide. He smiles and obligingly brings from the darkness a little lamp, lights it and tells us to follow him and not slip. But first, we follow the passage in the opposite direction and by hard climbing enter a gloomy cell where prisoners and the unruly were wont to be shut in, without a ray of light to help them comprehend their wretched surroundings. We then turn and go down, down, by stone steps which have been filled in and packed with dirt until the steps have given place to an inclined plane. The only light is the little lamp ahead. Finally we come to what was once a doorway. The huge hinges tell us the door must have been very thick. We then ascend and are soon in the bright sunlight upon the great tower.

How thick do you think the walls of this tower are? Just twice the length of my walking stick!

The view! The city far below seems a picture, with many figures moving like ants along the streets and in the gardens. Our glass brings this life so near we wonder why we do not hear its murmur and its din.

We look in upon a pretty little garden home. The family are taking their noon meal under a tree. They look up at the tower and we feel like apologizing for our intrusion! We find by trial that the loudest shout of our party altogether is lost on the breeze a long way this side of the valley.

We take the keeper's word for it that there was once an underground passage connecting this tower with the watch-tower upon the opposite hill. The two entrances to the tunnel are to be seen, and tradition settles the rest.

We visit the watch-tower. It gives us another view of the castle and a new view of the region between the Rhine and the Mosel. We find the grounds about the ruins blue with bluebells, and far up the ruined walls are also these modest reminders that "Life is ever lord of Death."

An excellent dinner, including delicious mountain trout ("forelle"), and we walk through a suburb and up to the Friedhof, or cemetery. There is the Protestant burying ground with its densely crowded grave mounds; and beyond a

high wall is the Catholic cemetery, beyond which a beautiful marble chapel stands overlooking miles of country.

We next take a drive in the country. Our road leads us through a beautiful valley to Kalterherberg, a quaint old town beside which Montjoie looks almost modern. It is a sixteenth century town, with thatched instead of tiled roofs. It looks as though a little fire, falling from one of those yard-long pipes in the mouths of the smokers, would burn down the whole village. We stop at an antiquated inn, and while we are waiting for our coffee and black bread, the landlady tells us all about her widowhood and her eight children, one of them a cripple in the hospital at Aix.

We return by Reichenstein, getting a glimpse of a thirteenth century castle, made a cloister in the fifteenth century, burned in part and restored in the sixteenth, since then abandoned as a cloister and now occupied by a farmer.

The road takes us along a pine forest, then winds down a hill, across a stone bridge, up the hill on the other side and so back to Montjoie.

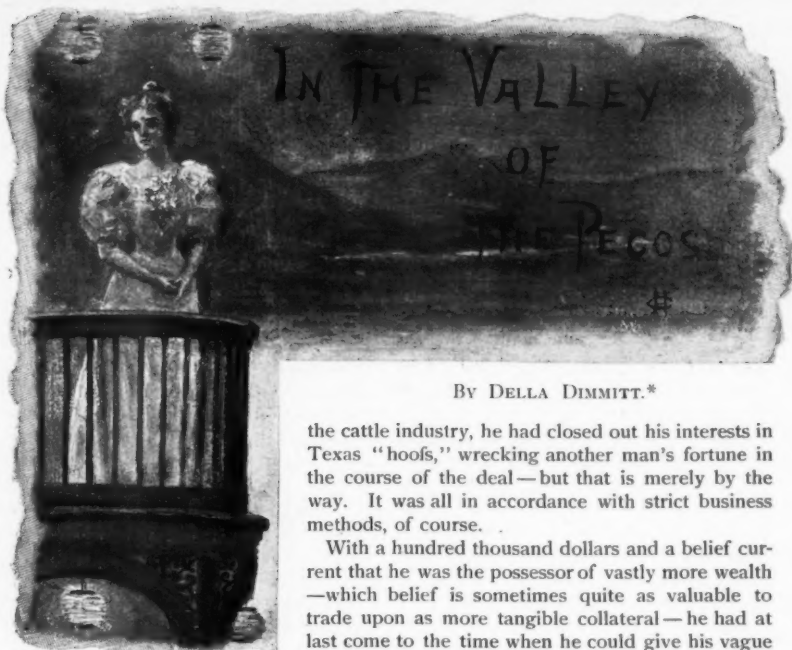
In the early evening we are on our way back to Aix, the steady kling, kling of the engine telling of the constant care of the road for its patrons' safety on this new line, as yet unprotected by guards at the crossings.

IN THE EIFFEL WASTE.

AS SUMMER evening's phosphorescent glow
Will halo throw
O'er vale and stream and marshy meadow low,
And yonder waste whereon no grass can grow,
And give to things of earth a heavenly grace,
Responsive to the soul that fills the place,—
So, looking back on woeful waste of years,
As evening nears,
A soul shines through the slowly deepening night,
Revealing to the preternatural sight
The myriad mysteries of God's prepare
That in the noonday sunlight were not there.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY, 1893.

Johnson Brigham.



Drawn by Clara Hendricks.

III.

THE Pecos Valley Company's interests were manifold. It was a grand scheme which had gradually unfolded itself in Chief Feron's brain—a scheme which embraced the entire scope of the valley and, in its vastness at least, was worthy the great, wide West. The Colonel had gone over the better part of eastern New Mexico just after the close of the War, and had visited this section on horseback. It was in the spring of the year and he saw the country at its best. For fifteen years thereafter—years of wandering over the cattle ranges of the virgin Southwestern empire—he had cherished a project of developing the valley. It was purely visionary in its first inception, but it took hold of him and in a desultory way he began a close study of the practical operations of the great irrigation systems in use in his own country and abroad, personally inspecting many of them. Foreseeing the great changes which those fatal later years of the Seventies brought to

BY DELLA DIMMITT.*

the cattle industry, he had closed out his interests in Texas "hoofs," wrecking another man's fortune in the course of the deal—but that is merely by the way. It was all in accordance with strict business methods, of course.

With a hundred thousand dollars and a belief current that he was the possessor of vastly more wealth—which belief is sometimes quite as valuable to trade upon as more tangible collateral—he had at last come to the time when he could give his vague idea substantial form. Colonization was the coming "boom" and non-resident speculators were all the

more ready to seize upon western ventures from the marvelous tales of the old cattle baron's winnings. An eastern trip or two, his own native graciousness and keen knowledge of men, were sufficient to enlist in the scheme those delightfully vague personages, the eastern capitalists, whose sole end of being (depending, of course, upon the points of view, which are as remote from each other as the East is from the West) is to fleece—or to be fleeced. He closed with a firm, and the Pecos Valley Company drew up its articles of incorporation. Seventy thousand acres of land lying along the Pecos gave a purchase on all the arable land in the valley; a friendly legislature granted a charter for the company and gave control of the river which was to work the redemption of the waste.

High up toward the river's source, the great dam of solid masonry was flung—the mighty arm of a resistless opposing

*Miss Dimmitt's story, awarded the Cash Prize for "the Best Story of any length," in the December 30th Competition, was begun in the April number.

force. It impounded the flood tides of the mountain springs and melting snows, and from above it the main irrigating ditch came winding tortuously down into the waiting land below. It is well called waiting land, for along the river's bank, where the waters have worn their way, a cut of pure soil thirty feet deep discloses itself, rich and of inexhaustible fertility, only barren for the lack of nature's great essential—water. From the main ditch ran the laterals, enmeshing the land and carrying through their open flood-gates into the channels, worn hard and impervious like the river's bed, the life-giving stream. That was the scheme. The advertising agencies put in motion by the company did the rest. The settlers came from the over-crowded East, eager to enter upon the newly opened lands. Pecos sprang into existence—Pecos with its railroads and facilities for communication with the great inland and seaboard markets.



MISS DELLA DIMMITT, SIOUX CITY.

But there were unmistakable evidences of a growing uneasiness among the eastern projectors of the venture. There might or there might not be a cog misplaced in the machinery, but sinister suspicion scares money away—and as often brings disaster as proof of guilt.

The connection of Mac Avery—if indeed he had any at all with the eastern syndicate—was only matter of conjecture. But he knew too much. He was on friendly terms with every landed man in Pecos who had, in turn, endeavored to serve the highest end most men conceive in friendship,—namely, to use him,—but he had uniformly declined to be unloaded upon, and, in one way and another, had shown a surprising fund of information relating to the affairs of the Pecos Valley Company. As gamblers come to have a dread of a man who understands the game and watches it continually, but will never take a hand, so Chief Feron feared Mac Avery, except in his more groggy moments when, somehow, a man feels stronger and more self-reliant.

Kathleen, with a sense of young Avery's peril pressing heavily upon her, was rising with a new-found strength to meet that and other troubles which she dimly saw were fast approaching.

It was Sunday morning. The Colonel did not appear and Kathleen breakfasted alone. She ordered her horse and a little later came out on the gallery with her trailing skirt caught over her arm. Stirling held his muscular hand for her to mount, though it was incomprehensible to him why she did not catch the Indian trick of springing from the ground. As she urged her horse over the hard, white road that lay toward Pecos, Kathleen thought miserably of that dark moment on the gallery the night before. She wondered how her uncle and the Earl could ever face the clear, honest daylight after such seasons of degradation. Something beautiful had died out

of her life—it was a girl's first trust in man.

On both sides of the level road stretched the dun fields, cut into an endless succession of drill-rows, along which the first green shoots of winter wheat were springing. In these quiet fields were the only suggestions of Sabbath peace. As she neared town, men with their guns and game-bags were starting out on a jolly hunting expedition; workmen were busy grading the streets; the cowboys were coming in off the range, with their bronchos on a dead lope, to spend the day and the better part of the night in the saloons and gambling dens that were in full blast and doing the heaviest business of the week.

Kathleen rode directly to the school-house. She had rarely attended the humble religious services held there. It had been so easy to drift into the careless Sabbath-breaking habit of the far West. She came to-day, hoping to meet and warn Avery, either at the meeting or somewhere along the road. She scanned the faces anxiously, but he was not there.

An itinerant preacher, with parchments as an authorized territorial missionary, had lately come into Pecos and was organizing a church of his particular denomination.

The yellow sunlight came streaming through the uncurtained windows and fell upon the gaunt form of the tall preacher as he sat with his chair slightly tilted back on the bare pine-wood platform, surveying his congregation with a keen eye that gleamed from under bushy iron-grey eyebrows. Presently he arose, abruptly announced and repeated a hymn, and began to sing in a clear, penetrating voice. There were no books, but it was old "Coronation," and everybody joined in with him. Then he prayed. His prayer was so simple, so full of child like trust, and so deeply spiritual withal, that an awed hush seemed to fall over the assembly of bowed listeners.

Mrs. Stirling came quietly inside and took a seat near the door. It was al-

most the only time Kathleen had known her to go beyond the limits of "Running Water," and she wondered what had brought her out to the meeting. The woman was still a mystery to her, and as unapproachable as ever. The only human being who ever moved her to so much as a smile was Jim Stirling, and she gave the big, whole-souled foreman of the ranch a sort of dog-like devotion that was touching in its mute intensity. Kathleen was watching Bell Stirling and pondering over her singularities as she had vainly done a thousand times before. She was a striking woman, with a fine figure and a face which would have been beautiful but for a certain look of abstraction and sadness in it.

The voice of the preacher with that penetrating, sympathetic quality in it which never failed to make people listen to the message it carried, recalled her. The sermon was simple like the prayer, but it had an edge that cut straight to his hearers' hearts. His text was: "Once I was young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken." It was made up chiefly of personal narrative and personal experience,—a vivid picture of his own life and heart. The frosts of many winters had left their traces on the preacher's furrowed face and whitening hair, but there was something beautiful in his serene old age—no trace of bitterness or regret. There was a dignity in the simple words, "and now am old," wholly unparalleled in her previous experiences. Then he spoke of the righteous. "And who are they?" he asked. "Why, the righteous," said he in quaint answer to his own questioning, "are the aristocracy of the spiritual world; it is for them that inheritance incorruptible and that fadeth not away is reserved; it is for them that the river of life flows, and the tree of life that grows hard by yields its leaves for the healing of the nations. But tell me more of these righteous,—not of their heavenly inheritance, but of their earthly character. Their earthly character!—ah! there you have sounded the depths,"

—and the old man's face grew luminous,—“you have touched the borders of soul-land, where the false balance of men and the masks behind which you and I have hidden are all cast aside. Are you satisfied with yourself, oh! man of integrity? Are you satisfied with yourself, I say? Nay, then, you are not of these righteous. Earth's goodness is but comparative, and you are only honest and square in your life because you take yourself for the unit and measure yourself with those who are less honest. And are you satisfied with yourself, oh! woman of spotless life? Neither are *you* of the righteous. There is no such thing as incorruptible virtue. At the end of his long journey, Pilgrim declared from his own experience that he had found there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven. Do not pride yourself on that white life. Be humbly grateful that the one great and peculiar temptation which would have proven stronger than your poor, weak nature could have withstood has been mercifully withheld from you. Nay! my brother, my sister, the truly righteous is he who lifts an unspoken prayer to be better, lifts it up from the rotten rubbish of the gutter—ay! from the borders of the nether world itself. But what of these righteous? Why, the Seer of the Ages says they shall not be forsaken. Forsaken! I wonder if you know what that word means! I have seen men whom fortune, friends, and family have cast away, and from the sight of whose faces even the merciful have fled in loathing—they were the derelicts, the rotting hulks of ships, whose tall and fair proportions had been blown down and driven into the depths of the sea. And yet there is a forsaking which is far sadder than that; it is when life and hope have fled together and a human soul is left forever—a derelict on the shoreless eternal sea. But the righteous shall *never* be forsaken. Never? How long is that?” he asked pleadingly. “How long?” He laughed in an ecstasy of joy; then leaning forward, he said in a half-whisper, “*As long as God lives!*”

He paused and his sermon was ended—as abruptly as it was begun. He repeated from memory—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Just before they sang, the preacher invited any one who so desired to join his church—“*any* one,” he emphasized it, “any one who has a wish or longing to be saved.”

They sang the hymn and when they were singing the last line, Bell Stirling came slowly forward, with her great, sad eyes full of tears and fixed on the old minister's rugged face. There was a stir in the congregation, and some women on the front seat hastily retreated. The minister stepped down and reached for her hand. Holding it in his own, he faced the people and his eye lit up with a strange fire.

“Brethren,” he said distinctly, “this woman has come out before you in token of her desire to lead a new life. Of her old life, many of you know, and some of you suspect, though she has striven hard to leave even the memory of her past behind her. She has touched the depths of sorrow, and has mourned over her sins, and done sad penance for them as you and I have never done, and to-day, as I stand beside this stricken woman, in the humility of my soul I say to her, ‘Thou art more righteous than I.’ Brethren, ‘let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her,’” and the preacher let fall her hand gently and placed his own in unspoken benediction over her.

There was weeping all over the school-house. In a voice broken and tender he prayed for her, for his own sinful self, and for them all.

The instant his voice was hushed Kathleen, trembling and in tears, came swiftly up the narrow aisle and laid her hand in Bell Stirling's. With their hands still clasped, they walked down the aisle, past the people who looked at Bell Stirling, some with pity, some with kindness, and some with scorn. They rode home together. It was Bell whose low voice first broke the silence. It was a short

story and the saddest Kathleen had ever listened to. When she came to tell of Jim—of blessed Jim who had married her and taken her out of the old life with its nameless horrors—she broke down and cried aloud in the very transport of her joy. And Kathleen cried too, and leaned over and kissed Bell Stirling tenderly.

"And the preacher," she continued a little wildly, "he's the one who married Jim and me in Santa Fé. He married me and now he's taken me into the church and promised to pray for me until I'm safe in Heaven—safe in Heaven." And she sobbed wildly in the joy of redeemed womanhood.

IV.

Mac Avery was gone. Kathleen had vainly tried to see him, and in despair had, at last, sent him a note—a very brief one, asking him to meet her by the dwarfed piñon tree on the valley road. It was a familiar landmark, but a lonely, unfrequented place. She waited for him there until past the time, and it chanced the Colonel came that way.

It chanced? When she saw him, Kathleen had an instinctive feeling that the Colonel knew a great deal more than his face revealed. However, he expressed no surprise at finding her there, and only passed quietly to her side as she hastily wheeled her horse and turned into the main Pecos road.

She was glad, if her message had miscarried, that it could tell no dangerous tales. The worst interpretation that could be put upon it was that it was a bold beginning of a New Mexican flirtation. She writhed under this possible interpretation, and blushed to meet her uncle's eye. But even this circumstance was forgotten as the days went by and the truth became apparent that young Avery had disappeared.

Mac Avery had gone up the mountain with the hunting party, and the story was that a telegram had come for him on the last day they were in camp together. Jim Stirling had delivered the message, and the two men had hurried down in

advance of the others,—Avery to catch the night train that was to bear him home, wherever in the indefinite East that might be.

Kathleen had little doubt of his fate—in her waking and dreaming moments she saw constantly before her his poor, dead face, at the foot of some treacherous mountain precipice, over whose sheer height a misstep, a lying trail, or a hand in the dark had sent him down—down—hundreds of feet to meet death.

In her distress and her longing for someone to whom she might unburden her heart, she thought of Mrs. Stirling. The housekeeper's old reticence was gone. Ever since that Sunday morning when Kathleen had gone to her with her sweet, womanly sympathy, she had shown for the girl a deep and passionate attachment.

It was night, and Kathleen was lying in her little white bed, watching the cold mountains that always sent a shiver over her now whenever she looked towards them. She rang nervously, and in a minute or so heard a low knock, and then Mrs. Stirling came in, closing the door behind her. The poor girl flung her arms about the woman's neck and whispered in her ear the whole miserable story.

Mrs. Stirling also sat looking toward the mountains. After a long time she said, with a decided shake of her head, "No! he isn't there."

"He is dead," said Kathleen in a shuddering whisper.

"I shall find out," she said with sudden energy, as she rose and left the room.

She found the Colonel waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. "What's the matter with Kathleen?" he inquired, with a shade of anxiety, "she went to bed an hour ago."

"She has sick headache. You oughtn't to let her ride in the middle of the day in this dreadful sun, sir. To-day was enough to knock a greaser over, even if it is November," said Mrs. Stirling severely, reaching for the camphor bottle, which she carried upstairs.

When safe inside the little white and blue room, she dropped down on the great white rug by Kathleen's bed.

"Dearie," she said in a tremulous whisper, "I love you — next to Jim — don't ever forget that; and there is another thing I want to tell you. Be careful, don't offend your uncle or the Earl." And she gathered the girl close in her arms, as if she would bear her away to some sure shelter, where the world's rough winds could never reach her.

Kathleen slept in unbroken peace that night. She did not feel the burden so great, or so unbearable, now that it was shared with another, and Mrs. Stirling's words had sent a thrill of hope to her heart that perhaps Mac Avery might after all be living. Next day she opened the grand piano for the first time in many days, and the whole house echoed with her singing. Such sweet, joyful notes they were that the Colonel stopped to listen, and laid a warning finger on his lips as Aylesbury came dashing up the drive-way.

"My God! how she can sing!" the Englishman exclaimed. "She sings like an angel, and draws the very heart out of a man! I tell you, Feron, I'll have it out with her to-day, or the little jade will drive me crazy."

"All right, my boy, you have my blessing," — the Colonel looked dubious — "but remember, she is full of her girl whims, and you must speak her gently."

"The devil!" was the Earl's somewhat ungracious rejoinder. "Don't you think I know women?"

But the Colonel thought it the part of diplomacy to have a word with Kathleen alone before he sent her down that the Earl might try his fate. True, she had grown gentler to her distinguished lover, and no longer spoke ill of him, but the Colonel was still uneasy. She received the message better than he had expected. A great many things had become clear to the girl's vision of late, and among them the fact that it was for this very purpose the Colonel had brought her to New Mexico. She remembered Bell's caution, and,

now that the time had come for the bargain and sale to be completed, she found it possible to calmly, even smilingly, look into her uncle's drawn face wearing the dreadful look of a man in extremity.

"Aylesbury wishes you to ride with him. I rang for your horse, my dear, and — and — Kathleen, the Earl has my full permission to speak with you this afternoon." It was very gently spoken. He reflected that he might use harsher language later if it were needed.

When Kathleen finally came down, a radiant creature in her trailing dark green habit, her gray eyes darkening and glowing, her face flushed, the Earl bowed low over her hand and felt a deeper, more consuming desire than ever before to possess that rich, warm beauty of the girl before him.

The Earl was a peerless rider, and Kathleen more than half admired the superb figure he made on horseback.

They had a glorious race down the level road, the horses neck and neck. Kathleen was gracious; she was enchanting; but she prayed for time — two weeks — then one week — just one little week and the Earl should have an answer. Did he not remember how a man in old bible times had waited and served first seven years, then fourteen, for a girl? A week was such a mere scrap of time!

"It is a whole eternity," the Earl declared with a burning glance. He grasped after the soft little hand she had bared to stroke her horse's flowing mane; but she snatched it away. She promised truly to answer him, and what answer other than the one he sought could be given when the gray eyes flashed so fearlessly, and lingered in his with a look of sweet, mocking laughter! — It was only a girl's whim.

He was fain to content himself, and, believing her half won, was, on the whole, not ill-pleased to be put off — it imparted the flavor of the chase and added zest to his pursuit that she was not to be easily snared.

She eluded him again after they dismounted, and fled past him up the gallery

steps, laughing and looking back bewitchingly.

The Colonel came around the corner, leaving a fragrant trail of vanishing smoke behind him. "Well?" he said, interrogatively.

"My dear Feron," exclaimed the exultant Earl, "she has promised to answer me in a week; would have done so to-day, am sure, if I had pressed her," and he wrung the Colonel's outstretched hand. "No! wish me well, but don't congratulate me yet — wait until I've cleared the ropes, you know." And Aylesbury sprang upon his horse and was off at a rattling pace with perhaps the purest sentiment in that graceless old heart of his that had been there in many a long year.

He had no very high opinion of women; most of those he had known had been a trifle — well, shady, if you like, — and his matrimonial venture had not been such as to enhance his esteem for his divorced lady's sex; but here was an unaffected young American girl who was different from them all. He could not have found words to express very clearly wherein the difference lay, but he had an instinctive sort of reverence for her that made him lay aside his rough speech and coarse jest and even try to banish thoughts of them when in her presence. He wished he hadn't been quite such a disreputable fellow — hang it! He would be better for her sweet sake, you know. And he rode on, and played the cleverest games that night — all square, you know — and turned in his winnings at the bar for a treat to the boys — somehow, he wanted to be better, and it was the only way he could think of for making a drive in that direction!

At the same time Kathleen was in her room kneeling on the white rug, and praying with her whole heart for strength to do a daring deed that night.

It was very dark, for the moon was in its last quarter and had not risen.

The house was strangely quiet, save for the thin, wild wind, that rarely ceases in New Mexico, as it came swinging through the open windows. The sound of a softly closing shutter fell on Kathleen's listening

ear. That was the signal Mrs. Stirling was to give when the house was presumably given over to slumber and there was a clear deck.

Gathering her skirts lightly around her, Kathleen stole out of her room, scarcely daring to breathe as she passed the Colonel's apartment, and made her way down the back stairway. She felt along the outer ledge of Mrs. Stirling's window and her hand grasped something small, and cold, and steely. Then she flew down the garden path toward the barn. Swiftly she undid the iron hasp and the great doors swung noiselessly apart. In another moment she had led her horse from the barn into the narrow lane behind it and was mounted and off.

Her way lay along a circuitous path, scarcely known and little traveled, that led up to the mountains.

She had been over it a few times when riding by the Colonel's side. It's wildness and picturesqueness had particularly pleased her, and she remembered it well. But the night was so dark that she trusted more to her horse's instinct than to her own skill in guiding him. It was a strange experience, but she felt no fear. She leaned forward over her saddle bow, and with her light, caressing touch on the good steed's patient neck, spoke to him soothingly, encouragingly, with a kind of joy in his safe, sure companionship.

After a time the moon rose in all her silvery splendor and lit up the bold grandeur of the mountain. They were nearing the perilous part of the trail now, and Kathleen held her breath and prayed mutely as the horse hugged the inside of a shelving wall of stone that had a fall of a hundred and fifty feet below. If he should stumble! — the horror of the thought sent a sickening sensation quivering through every nerve in her body. The good horse cautiously moved on, step by step, and the danger was over — thank God! On and up they passed, and still on and still up.

Directly in the path, not many rods ahead of her, stood a single tree, great for that locality, bearing a rudely blazed

cross in the bark that shone white and distinct in the moonlight. Straining her eyes, half fearing to advance, she slipped quietly off her horse and made him fast. The stones crunched under her light tread as she walked toward the tree. She shaded her eyes and peered ahead of her.

There, under the deep shadow of the trunk, near the embers of a fire over which his supper had been prepared for him, lay Mac Avery, worn, pale and fast asleep.

Kathleen, trembling, laid her hand on his forehead. Her gentle touch mingled with his dreams and he thought the little mountain stream near by had sent its laughing waters past where he lay, and he was feeling their cool touch upon his face.

"Wake up!" she cried. "Oh! do wake up!" And he opened his eyes and sprang to his feet, roused by the terror in her voice.

"Miss Feron! — Good God! what brings you here?" he asked.

"I thought you were dead," she said, turning her white face up toward his, "and I kept seeing you always so, with that dreadful look on your face. But Bell Stirling said you were not dead; that Jim didn't dare kill you, as he had sworn he would. Bell found out something — not much — and she stole the key to-night from Jim while he was asleep. Here it is," she whispered excitedly, holding the shining steel thing in her trembling hand.

He sank on his knees beside her, and she slipped the key into the lock of the bands that had confined his wrists.

He had madly, despairingly fought against their iron clasp for seven dreadful days and nights. Now they dropped from him with a heavy, clanking sound. He was a free man once more; but he still kneeled before Kathleen.

"And you came all this dangerous way, alone, and at night to bring this to me!" he said. "Do you think there is another woman in the wide world who would have done such a thing?"

"I don't know," she said, hurriedly, "but I felt responsible for your life. One night I heard my — my —," she tried to

say Uncle, but the shame of it overwhelmed her.

Mac, to help her, said, "I understand." And she went on:

"I heard him tell the Earl you were going with them up on the Guadalupe hunt and that you would never come down. I tried to see you — wrote to you — but, somehow, I missed you every time. And when you didn't come back, and people said you had gone home, I feared they had made way with you. And I have tried so hard to save you! I — I had to come myself — there was no one to trust — Oh! don't you see?"

He did see, and he took her frail, white hands gently and bent his dark head above them with something of that feeling the knightly one of old must have had when his hands first touched the precious Holy Grail.

He did not speak for some moments. The moon shone and the wind blew down the mountain side, and a man's soul had gone forth to meet a woman's.

"My Kathleen!" was all the incurious mountain heard; "my Kathleen," was the only message the night wind carried on its way to the valley. Sobbing, she clung to him. Was it not wonderful to dream of peace, of folded wings, of shelter in a time of storm!

He kissed her as if the kiss were a sacrament, and drew her to his heart again and again.

"You must go," he said at length, roused to her danger.

He assisted her to mount, and then he led her horse down the trail. When they reached the base of the mountain he passed to her side and stood in the pale moonlight with his arms outstretched. "You are the bravest woman that the stars shine on to-night," he said proudly. "May God keep you, my sweet Kathleen, — keep you until I come for you!"

"He will keep us both," she answered softly, breaking away from his restraining arms.

Swiftly she rode on through the night, her fears crowding on her, now that her work was safely accomplished.

The late moon shone pale when she reached the narrow lane that led up to the back of the barn. She unsaddled her horse, and rested her head one brief second in his thick, flowing mane, and, with a gesture of mute thanks to the faithful creature, laid her hand on his warm, wet neck. There was no friendly darkness now to conceal her as she stole toward the house, laid the key on the window and slipped, unshod, up to her room. The faint echo of her footsteps died away and there was not even a stir in the house, save from a white-gowned woman who rose quietly, opened a shutter and slipped a small shining key on a ring underneath her husband's pillow.

Upstairs, Kathleen crept into bed and spent the rest of the night weeping. She wept in childish terror because of the perils she had undergone; wept in apprehension of what the future held for her, and wept for joy that Mac Avery lived and loved her.

V.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the Pecos Valley Company was held in the parlors of "Ye Travellers' Rest."

Chief Feron was a consummate master of details. He had watched and directed the affairs of the company with the skill of an old campaigner who, holding the plan of action well in hand, assails an enemy by dividing its forces, and conquers it by weakening its outposts and diverting its strength, which may, in point of numbers, be far greater than his own.

There was not a man among the local stockholders who did not know to a certainty that the manager had been more or less a betrayer of trusts, but there had been sufficient collusion among them on minor matters to impose silence upon them. Herein had Chief Feron shown his shrewdness. It was a small matter to him when they agreed in private conference to increase the water-rates and squeeze the farmers in the valley; but when they all shared in the spoil and gave consent to the false entries concerning the water-rates on the company's books, it at once became a powerful lever to the

manager when he began manipulating a few enterprises of his own in which they did not share.

There were two objects the manager had in view. One was to quiet the eastern stockholders, who held forty-five per cent of the stock in the company, and the other was to close the deal with the Earl of Aylesbury.

The Earl possessed the vulture's eye, too, and may have had a shrewd suspicion that the manager had not carried on all his operations openly and above board, but he paid homage to success by whatever means it came, as the best of us do; and the Earl may have had several false entries in his own life-account, which caused him to feel a brotherly compassion for a companion sinner. Then the property was valuable, if the company could command the means to work it. He was pleased with it, and he liked the daredevil New Mexican life with its large freedom. And above and beyond all else, he would have, at any cost and at all hazards, this charming girl who had caught his fancy. That was, after all said and done, the one and only condition upon which he had been bribed to entertain the Colonel's project.

Chief Feron was an imposing figure as he sat in one of the "Travellers'" great oaken chairs, with his strong, white hands resting on the polished table in front of him, piled high with the records of the company. Never had he appeared so masterful as when he commenced unfolding the new scheme, which for months had been revolving through his brain.

"Aylesbury offers to take the stock,—that is, the fifty-five shares which we hold here in the valley. That, of course, will give him a controlling influence in the company. He is the representative of ten other Englishmen, all as rich as himself. They propose to extend the plant and take in an extra ten thousand acres farther down the valley, which they will open up and put upon the market already surveyed and irrigated. Then they will boom Pecos, add public baths and other improvements, and do considerable landscape

gardening, with a view to its establishment as a health and pleasure resort. We have the climate, the most healthful to be found anywhere on the globe. A sanitarium located somewhere upon these mountains would bring health-seekers by the hundreds every year to winter in this mild climate. But I can merely outline the scheme they have in hand, which you will readily see is the biggest thing in all the Southwest.

"Now, you may say, 'Why should we sell when all these golden possibilities are opening up in the land that we hold?' Well! I will tell you. Aylesbury refuses to touch it unless he can have it all his own way and come in on the ground floor,—it is Aylesbury who is to create these possibilities. Those fellows will spend money like water to make the thing go. We can't do that; we have not the capital, and already those eastern fellows with us are threatening to withdraw. We may as well be frank with one another. You know as well as I do that if they do pull off we are utterly ruined; and, as it is, we barely keep our heads above water and have made no appreciable advance in the last eighteen months. Now, what I propose is this—"

But what it was that the manager had to propose, his respectfully attentive confrères were destined never to know. A portière that hung between the parlors was quietly drawn aside and from behind the fall of crimson curtains there stepped a resolute young man. He bowed to the assembled stockholders and fixed a steady eye on the manager.

"Gentlemen," he said coolly, "I have been much interested in your meeting, but it is a little difficult to hear from the farther room. Pray do not allow me to interrupt you, Mr. Manager. I have a profound interest in that scheme of yours."

Feron was beside himself with rage, surprise and hate. "Will some one put that — scoundrel out?" he shouted.

"Be careful, Mr. Manager. I have as good a right to remain here as any of these gentlemen—as you yourself even."

"And who are *you*?" demanded the manager, in furious scorn.

"You shall know who I am," and the young man flung down a card upon the table.

The manager looked at it a moment and grew white to the lips. He folded his arms and turned a defiant face to the young man standing proudly before him.

"You are Mac Avery," he said slowly. "Every man in this room knows you, and I defy you to prove your identity as any one else—dare to do it, sir, and by that very act you convict yourself as a thief and a liar."

"You are right, Mr. Manager, in that I am Mac Avery—John MacAvery Addams. As holder of ten shares of stock in the Pecos Valley Company, in my own name, and as son of the senior member of the firm of Addams & Blair, who directly control the forty-five shares held by the eastern capitalists, I claim the right of a voice in your meeting.

"Gentlemen," said he earnestly, "I appeal to you. If you doubt my identity I can prove it to you instantly," and he pulled from his coat pocket a bundle of documents and some of the well-known certificates of stock in the Pecos Valley Company.

They looked them over with suppressed but evident curiosity. They were convinced.

"I came here, gentlemen," he said, in his even, quiet tones, "at the request of the company I represent. There were some things out here that were not quite clear to them. I came unannounced and unknown that I might investigate affairs and form my own opinion from what I saw. I have found some dissatisfaction among the landholders, owing to the increased water-rates—which the company's books do not show, however, and of which we have not been informed. If a dividend has been declared, we have not yet shared with you." It was a telling stroke and they winced under it.

"Then there are some strange discrepancies in the manager's accounts."

Feron made no effort to stop him, and only shrank deeper into his chair with the shadow of a great fear on his face. He was too far-seeing a man not to anticipate the rising of the storm.

"I find from all sources his capital to have been but one hundred thousand dollars four years ago. The whole of this he invested in our joint stock company, and we have declared but one dividend and that, as you know, a small one. His salary, as manager, has been three thousand dollars a year. I ask you, gentlemen—and you are as much interested as we are—how he came by that valuable franchise,—you know what I mean,—the water-right and the ranch he calls 'Running Water,' which seems to be in no way connected with the company, and yet it is cut right out of the heart of the Pecos valley and is the most valuable and salable piece of property in the entire tract! If it were my private property, I would not take in clean cash a hundred thousand dollars for it. Do you know where he got it? You helped pay for it, every one of you. And where are the funds he had for disbursement when the big dam across the Pecos was built? My investigation leads me to believe the engineer and his corps of men did the work for about half the money the books credit him with receiving. I hold the proof right here in my hand in a statement from the chief engineer, given me not two months ago.

"I would ask you, also, why the settlement of our lands has fallen off? It is hardly a wise policy to squeeze the farmers for a temporary gain; to imperil their crops and hold a threat of ruin over their heads that they may open their purses as they would if cut-throats were after them. It has reacted on us, and there has scarcely been a new settler come in for the last six months.

"Then, I hold a personal grievance. The manager, for some cause, suspected I had more than a passing interest in his affairs; though he never could have guessed who I actually was, even though my mail had been under espionage. Perhaps you know I went with him as an

invited guest on a hunting expedition,—I went, but I did not come down—for some time, at least. My friend and host, the manager, would have taken my life, but his man Stirling wouldn't do his master's bidding; so he chained me to a tree up near the top of the Guadalupe, and, supplying me with food, intended to keep me there—at least till after your meeting—and then decide on what to do with me.

"Gentlemen," and there was a passionate quiver in Addams' ringing voice, "look at my wrists—do you see those gashes? I got them by fighting iron handcuffs for seven days and nights!" There was a howl of indignation. "But I got away—no matter how—and am here tonight to defend my rights—and yours, too.

"Feron,"—and he turned on him with terrible wrath,— "this is your day of reckoning; for what you made me suffer, you are to suffer ten-fold; not to gratify any base revenge of mine, but because you have earned it by your betrayal of most sacred trusts. You shall disgorge your ill-gotten gains and give them back to us whom you have robbed.

"That is for you to sign," he said significantly, as he handed him a document. It was a quit-claim deed to the ranch of "Running Water," drawn up in favor of the company.

Without a word he signed it. A notary among the stockholders came forward to witness it.

"And now the stock," and with a stroke of a pen the manager's shares were swept away.

The game was over. It was a bluff game from the beginning, but the manager and young Addams had changed attitudes.

The crimson portières parted once more that night and fell back on a man with a hunted, desperate face. He slipped out unobserved, while the powers of the law were even then forming against him. Scarcely an hour later, a door opened stealthily on the gallery of the red-roofed bungalow at "Running Water," and the figure of a man, booted and spurred, stepped outside. He peered up the long, level road leading toward Pecos; then,

stooping, he laid his ear close to the ground and listened with suspended breath if there were vibrations of any approaching horse-men.

Another silent figure stood in the dense darkness, holding the reins of two horses. Both men were armed to the teeth with repeating rifles, and as they sprung into their saddles, whip and spur fell with one sure purpose. It was the Colonel—not the grand seignior, whose princely hospitality had delighted earls and moneyed aristocrats; whose persuasive graces had won him women's hearts and men's confidence—nay! not that one. But the real man behind that polished exterior—the man who, as he smiled, plundered the helpless poor who had no means of escape or redress from his rapacity,—the man who would build up his own fortune upon the pitiful wrecks of a thousand men's fortunes without one heart-throb of human feeling,—the man who planned to trade on a woman's beauty, counting it as merchandise and appraising it at a certain value without ever a care for her undying innocent soul.

The man who rides beside him is Jim Stirling. He has broken every law in the decalogue, and has sent five men prematurely to render up their accounts in another world; but they were all rascals and went in the way of wild justice, all regular. And faithfulness is so rare and fine a quality that it adds an ennobling dignity to even a rough frontiersman like Jim. The manager was touched by the service and the homely sympathy offered. He knew the foreman's sure rifle would send a bullet into any rider who would cross their path that night, and, when every man's hand was against him, it was something to have so true and steadfast a friend.

"Jim," he said, giving him his hand when the journey was over, "the world is wide and we shall never see each other again. You're a good fellow, Jim—you've stood by me royally to-night, and — and — God bless you for it!"

There was a choke in his voice. In another moment he had leaped upon the

rear platform of a train slowly making a down grade among the mountain passes.

The manager was beyond pursuit, out of the reach of the law and, as he said—the world was wide. He watched Jim riding slowly down the mountain side, leading his own spent horse. It was just at break of day and the faint white dawn was creeping into the valley—his lost Valley of the Pecos.

Forty miles away, back at "Running Water," a helpless girl was watching the same white wraith of the dawn. She had heard from her room the Colonel's entrance the night before, the subdued preparations and the swift flight. He had gone without a word for her, and, as the hoof-beats died away from the road, she felt a sense of desolation too deep for words. He had forsaken her, this kinsman of hers, to whose mercies her dying father had commended his motherless child. She had believed in him, loved and honored him with a girl's sweet, blind trust, and now he was going from her, leaving her utterly alone and at the mercy of the men he had wronged. She watched the night through, trying to comfort herself with Bell's sympathy and assurances that Jim would be back before noon.

The day brought Aylesbury. Kathleen came to meet him from the dining-room, in a house-gown of white, caught at the waist by a girdle curiously wrought in gold thread, and falling in long, soft lines to the floor. She came in fearlessly and with a pride that rose above her sense of degradation; and as the nobleman bowed low and took her hand, she said quietly, "You are an early and unexpected visitor, sir."

"Not an unwelcome one, I hope," he said deferentially. "It is as your friend I come, and you remember this is the day which is to make me the happiest man alive—if you are kind, Miss Kathleen."

"I am kind," she said gravely. "I can scarcely afford to be anything else at this time; but I have nothing whatever to do with your happiness, Earl."

"You have all to do with it," he cried vehemently. "You promised to give me an answer to-day."

"And you shall have it—my answer is—No."

"Do you mean to refuse me?" and a hot red flame leaped into his dark face.

"Yes," she said, looking at him steadily with a sort of joy in her heart that she could free herself from even the thought of him.

"Have a care," he said warningly, a light dawning on him. "You and that precious uncle of yours have played with me long enough. I am not a man for a woman to make game of."

"You think to frighten me," she said haughtily.

"No! I seek to win you. I love you, girl, and have offered you my name—it is not one to be lightly flung aside."

"Do not think, sir," she said with a splendid scorn, "that I would take your name for mine." Her Celtic ire was rising and she uttered words she had not thought to use. "You say your name isn't one to be lightly flung aside. I tell you, if it were the oldest and the proudest name in all England, it would dishonor any woman. You have dragged it in the dust. I tell you, sir, I would rather die—yes! die a thousand deaths than ever be your wife."

She had risen and the Earl, too, he trembling with wrath. He had never admired her half so much as in that moment of her glowing scorn. He advanced toward her. It was to be a viking's wooing of a maiden caught in war.

Bell Stirling came swiftly from the inner room.

"Wanton!" the Earl exclaimed, "you—*you* in the same house with her! And do you think to keep her from me? I tell you the men are coming—the men old Feron robbed are coming to plunder this house, and I am here to protect her from their insults." Turning to Kathleen he said: "Come, you shall go to that preacher's with me."

Kathleen pushed his hand from her shoulder and looked at him, her face pale

with excitement. "Do you think I fear you?" she said with forced calmness.

"There is a God in Heaven who will protect me. I am not so desolate as you think"—she spoke with tenderness. "There is in Pecos Valley a brave, true man who—"

"He is here, Kathleen," and Mac Addams rushed in through the open door, and sprang to her side and caught her as she fell, fainting.

It was a long time—it seemed ages to her lover—before she came out of that deathlike swoon. She opened her eyes. There was a look of terror in their soft, gray depths. Bell, weeping, stood by her, and Mac Addams, with a world of love in his face, kneeled by her side.

There were some sweeping changes in the valley. The air once more became pure and clear—perhaps a bit too rare for the Earl. At any rate that distinguished representative of English aristocracy passed on farther west.

It was said that a certain woman wept scalding tears at his departure; but Mr. Daniels would have thrashed any man who dared insinuate such an absurdity.

The lapsing of "Running Water" made no change in the management. The foreman's devotion to the defaulting manager was perhaps the best guarantee of faithfulness under the new order of things. Stirling never knew of his wife's share in the manager's downfall, though it would have made not the slightest difference to him. He loved his wife and believed in her, and would have honored her even more for serving Kathleen who had brought much brightness into Bell's somber life.

The new Pecos Valley Company was reorganized upon the ruins of the old one, with a thorough understanding and a new confidence between the Eastern and Western projectors of the scheme. They have faith in the valley—the waiting valley, still, it is—but a day will come when the outposts of civilization will be extended even to the coast line on the west and that vast empire of barren waste that lies between will flow with life-giving streams

and be heavy with the earth's rich fruitage for the New World's on-coming millions.

When Mac Addams finished his work and went back to his home in the East, a fair woman went with him, and a proud family waited almost in dread to receive her. Feron was an ill-omened name to them; they had reason to despise it, and a girl off a range of New Mexico might mean anything from an Indian to a "greaser." When all sat around the fire-place, on the evening of their arrival, the young man told for the first time of the dangers he had undergone — told them how Kathleen rode through the night, and alone, along the perilous mountain trail, to give

him back to life and to them. Then their hearts went out to the beautiful woman with a voice that had caught the haunting music of waters — of waters as they fall on the cool gray stones in a mountain spring. The mother knelt before her and put her arms about her, though she could speak no words because of her flowing tears. But the senior Addams, laying his hands on her shining golden head, called her "daughter" in tones so deeply, movingly tender that Kathleen thought it the sweetest sound she had ever heard — save when her lover called her "my Kathleen" as he kissed her under the tree with its blazed white cross on the top of the Guadalupe.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. VIII.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH—SECOND PAPER.*

BY MAJOR GEORGE H. SMITH.

Organizer of the Military Corps, Department of the Mississippi.

GENERAL HALLECK was placed in command of the Department of the Mississippi, November 18, 1861, the department being extended to include Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee as far east as a north and south line through Knoxville, Tennessee.

I was ordered by him to take entire charge of telegraph operations in this new department. General Stager, Chief of United States Military Telegraph, at Washington, protested against this order, advising General Halleck that the territory east of the Mississippi river already had a superintendent of telegraph (J. J. S. Wilson), to which protest General Halleck replied, "I want *one* superintendent of telegraph, not two. Major Smith gives satisfaction, but if he does not suit you send some one else." General Stager withdrew his objections and we were ordered by Halleck to push the lines to Nashville, Tenn., Florence, Ala., and Memphis, Tenn. This territory was now

the largest field embodied in any of the departments.

A trip down the Mississippi river before the War was something vastly different from travel at the present date. Between St. Louis, Cincinnati and New Orleans, floating palaces served the public instead of the present Pullman sleepers and reclining chair-cars. When the Mississippi below Cairo was closed by the War, most of the better class of steamboats, being north of the blockade, were chartered by the government to convey troops and supplies. The carrying capacity of some of these boats was enormous, their passenger accommodations extensive and first-class. The boat on which the telegraph party took passage, accompanying General Halleck to the battle-field of Shiloh, had already a regiment of cavalry aboard, but easily made room for our fifty or sixty horses and as many men.

* First paper, with portrait of Major Smith, in THE MIDLAND for March.

Leaving St. Louis in the evening we reached Cairo in the morning and, after a short stop, steamed up the Ohio and the Tennessee, both of these rivers being so high that no delays or trouble from pilotage prevented a speedy trip and an early arrival.

At Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), two days after the battle, evidences of the bloody affair were everywhere visible—corpses unburied; crippled horses staggering and limping about; acres of timber with most of the upper portion of the trees cut or broken off by the storm of cannon-balls and shell; camp equipage and provisions scattered everywhere; broken-down wagons, gun-carriages, dead animals, knapsacks and canteens lining the road.

But this was no time for sentiment. The telegraph corps was expected to be at work constructing lines for immediate use, with as many separate building parties as possible, to make ready for the expected battle of Corinth. There were no delays; every boat brought shipments of material, supplies and animals. An ordinary building party consisted of ten to twelve men, and two or three teams, exclusive of teams used in transporting material. A party could build ten or twelve miles per day, and there were frequently a dozen working parties in the field at the same time.

Up to this time the telegraph corps of the Department of the Missouri had built lines from St. Louis to Ironton on the Iron Mountain Railroad, to Rolla on the southwest branch and to Sedalia on the main line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, to Macon City on the North Missouri Railroad, and to a point twenty-five miles south of Syracuse, Missouri. The Telegraph Corps was then disbanded as an enlisted organization and reorganized as a branch of the Quartermaster's Department.

At this time, November, 1861, operators in the Department of the Missouri were located as follows: St. Louis, Missouri, H. A. Bogardus, D. O. Dyer, C. S. Payne, F. S. Van Valkenburg; United

States Arsenal, Duncan T. Bacon, A. S. Hawkins; Frémont's Headquarters, J. C. Sullivan, D. T. Bacon; Jefferson Barracks, J. L. Quate; California, H. J. Fish, R. Kuhn; Tipton, W. H. Parsons, S. L. Griffin; Smithton, Alexander Hunter; Sedalia, H. A. Bogardus; Moselle, George C. York; Sullivan, Luke O'Reilly; Rolla, J. H. Rugg, W. H. Woodring; Mineral Point, James H. Douglas; Pilot Knob, J. H. Byrne.

Isaac McMichael accompanied the army to Warsaw, where he opened an office. D. H. Fitch, a thorough electrician and good operator, had a general oversight of the large electric power required and its proper distribution throughout the department.

At this point it may be well to correct a slight error in that otherwise reliable and valuable work, W. R. Plum's History of the U. S. Military Telegraph, in which he states that in the enlisted companies of the Telegraph Corps in Missouri there were no operators. On the contrary there were a considerable number in the ranks, while nearly all the officers were telegraphers. The indispensable telegraph instrument was always at the front in every army corps.

General Franz Sigel was in command of the army in Southwest Missouri. The Missouri state troops were officered to a considerable extent by Germans who had "*fought mit Sigel.*"

General John Pope was in command of the center (headquarters at Sedalia), and General Prentiss in North Missouri. Wilson had originally built a line from Cairo to Paducah, along the Ohio river, which, being nearly destroyed by high water, was rebuilt and extended from Paducah via Smithland and Fort Henry to Fort Donelson.

General Halleck's great anxiety during the winter of 1861-2 was to keep in close communication with General Grant, whose movements against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson and whose part in the battle of Shiloh form a prominent portion of the history of the war. I received the injunction from General Halleck that this

line via Cairo and Fort Henry must be kept working at all hazards—"if it requires a regiment at each telegraph-pole."

As the country between Cairo and Paducah, along the Ohio river, was mostly under water, it was extremely difficult to comply with this order.

To illustrate the desperate straits we were in at one time. Trouble coming into the circuit between Cairo and Paducah, and no means of conveyance for repairs being available, a steamboat was chartered by the paymaster of the department, George H. Brown, who, accompanied by Mark W. Crain, chief operator, Sol. Palmer (the veteran builder and repairer) and his men, went out on the swollen waters in the drenching rain, on an exploring trip, finding and removing the trouble. The expense of the steamboat for this single trip was three hundred dollars, which was promptly approved by the commanding general, showing the importance attached to our service.

The line was completed to Fort Henry, February 20, and extended via Fort Donelson to Clarksville, Tennessee, opening communications with Nashville.

The following operators were located on this line: Paducah, L. H. Parker; Smithland, A. D. Dougherty; Chaudets, R. B. Griffin and Peter Fowler; Fungo, J. R. Thompson and R. H. Bliven; Fort Henry, Edward Schemerhorn and A. D. Griffin; Fort Donelson, C. W. Hammond and J. T. Tiffany; Clarksville, J. A. Purnell and J. G. Webb.

The Military Telegraph Line from Paducah to Forts Henry and Donelson, between the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, was a never-failing source of care and trouble. Frequent offices for testing purposes were required and were located at small settlements, or often at farm-houses. Usually several mounted repairers were stationed at each office to patrol the line and make quick repairs in case of trouble.

I have in mind a log house about fifty miles from the Ohio river, owned by one Chaudet, a Frenchman, who cultivated a small farm and quite a vineyard. The

five or six telegraph men left at his place filled the house; but, with an eye to the main chance, he was only too willing to provide food and lodging for them. Being a foreigner, he took no part in the excitement of the war, but was visited in turn by Confederates and Unionists, preferring, however, northern to southern money. Frequent skirmishes occurred at his place, but our wire was kept in working order.

On one occasion I was riding over the line with a single companion and, just at night, in a drenching rain, we approached a small settlement containing a hotel and one or two stores, where we had planned to stop. As we came in sight of the main street we discovered that a squad of guerrillas were in the place, their horses tied near the store, where they had gone to get out of the wet or to counteract its effects by bracing up on "moonshine." By a flank movement through the brush we reached the rear of the hotel barn, where we stowed away our horses, and entered the hotel through the kitchen, and were soon put into the family room, to which outsiders were not admitted, and were given a curtained bed, which, it is needless to say, we were not slow to occupy. Through the long evening this room was the sitting-room of the landlady and a few "snuff-dipping" neighbors; but our curtained bed prevented exposure, and our landlady was too shrewd, in anticipation of good returns in good money for our accommodations, to permit any inquisitive interference with us. Her expectations as to reward were realized in the morning, when she gave us an early start on our risky course.

While all these people were secessionists at heart, the love and need of good money overcame their scruples, and on several occasions we were furnished meals and shelter by the bitterest Confederate women, who boasted of their husbands and sons being in the Southern Army. Many times there were chances to betray us, as in the hotel incident just mentioned; but, with ample opportunity to discover it, I never encountered a case

of bad faith. The most rabid female rebels, if they opened their doors at all, would perhaps abuse us, but would scorn to practice treachery.

In another case in Tennessee, myself and companion were forced to put up at night in a log cabin of one room,—the home of a man and wife with several children. Having no stable, our horses were picketed, and they insisted on giving us their only bed. We were too fatigued to refuse, or to learn where the family took rest, possibly on the floor, possibly in the brush. All were stirring in the morning, and the sight of northern coin fully repaid for all inconveniences.

It became necessary, in order to open and keep up proper telegraphic communications along the rivers, to have better means of reaching desired points than were afforded by the heavily loaded steamboats, which, though numerous, could not always make such landings as were needed, or such waits as might be required.

A call on General Sherman, in command at Cairo, secured a written order for the writer to take for use of the Military Telegraph service any steamboat found adapted to the wants of the Telegraph Corps. Until such a boat was found, a tug (tender to one of the iron-clads) was detailed for this service, and made rapid and frequent trips from points between Cairo and Florence. Luck, or good fortune, shortly favored us in finding a confiscated Tennessee river ferry boat, light draft, spacious deck room for cable work and cabin accommodations for eight or ten men. This boat had been used at a ferry crossing where it was evident the business was none too heavy, as a set of mill wheels for grinding corn was arranged on the boat so that power from the engine could be utilized in turning out grists when the boat was waiting for passengers. We could land anywhere, as the water was over bank in the Ohio, and our telegraph wires, being stretched along the shore between Cairo and Paducah, we could "patrol" the line with little difficulty. Having no licensed pilot we took

turns at the wheel, which in a river without banks, and a boat not requiring over two feet of water, was very easy work—except when we met a steamer, and then the problem was to get out of the way.

In Missouri, under General Curtis in the Southwest, the Telegraph Corps built two hundred and fifty miles south from Rolla and had the wire within ten miles of the battle-field at Bentonville, Arkansas, March 6. In this campaign the following telegraph employes were engaged: Duncan T. Bacon, assistant manager; H. C. Weller, foreman of builders; operators—Rolla, Luke O'Reilly, W. H. Woodring, W. S. Forsey; Lebanon and Springfield, W. H. Woodring; Cassville, R. N. Howell, with seven repairers; Bentonville battle-field, D. T. Bacon.

In anticipation of General Pope's operations against Island Number 10, our department built a line from Pilot Knob through Fredericktown to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, thence via Commerce, Benton and Sikeston to New Madrid, one hundred and fifty miles from Pilot Knob; also from Cairo by cable to Bird's Point and via Charleston to Sikeston where, by the use of a "Hicks repeater," two circuits were established for the convenience of General Halleck.

The city of Cairo, at the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio, as we found it in the spring of 1862, would be unknown to the Cairo of to-day. Most of the business houses along the dikes built to prevent inundation, were accessible, but the streets leading to the main portion of the town behind the dikes were almost impassable from mud and water. Every available spot above water served as camping-ground for soldiers, and the hospitals were full of malarial patients. Steamboats of every description lined the wharf, with one or two ironclads always in sight. The telegraph office was the center of attraction, and several operators were kept busy. The St. Charles Hotel, a fine four-story brick building where our forces were quartered, is still standing in a good state of preservation. Bird's Point, on the Missouri side of the river opposite Cairo,

was completely submerged except one small rise of ground, which was also covered with troops.

The operators in this territory were: Cairo, W. H. Brownell, G. A. Bennett, G. Burnapp, H. W. Nichols, James K. Parsons, George Stillman; Pilot Knob, James H. Douglas, Theodore Holt; Fredericktown, Z. P. Hotchkiss; Cape Girardeau, J. R. Dunlap; Commerce, W. H. Livengood; Benton, S. T. Younkers; Sikeston, John J. Egan, J. R. Thompson; with General Pope, F. S. Van Valkenburg, William Spinner, A. S. Hawkins.

Again referring to Tennessee, Smith's party of builders from the Ohio river met General Nelson's army at Waynesboro, thirty-seven miles east of Savannah, April 3, and established communications with General Grant. April 6th the Battle of Shiloh took place.—Operators Wayne, H. Parsons and L. H. Parker going to the front with General Grant. A few days later General Halleck arrived at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), having as a telegraphic accompaniment Major Smith, Duncan T. Bacon, L. C. Weir and a strong force of builders with a large supply of material. Direct communication with St. Louis, three hundred and fifty miles distant, was ready for General Halleck on his arrival.

The following operators were stationed at the headquarters of the army and immediate vicinity: Frank S. Van Valkenburg, A. S. Hawkins, George Purdy, J. T. Tiffany, B. H. Pebles, C. A. York, Douglas Reid, Mark D. Crain, G. A. Purdy and O. A. A. Gardner.

It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to render full justice to those engaged in the hazardous work of this department; to their many noble deeds; to the lives sacrificed in guerrilla-infested districts, nor to equally faithful service rendered in other Telegraph Corps in the Eastern and Middle states. Interesting and instructive accounts are given in two volumes by William R. Plum, of the Chicago bar, in his "Military Telegraph During the Civil War in the United States," which is deemed the only valu-

able and comprehensive history on record.

The hardships of the service were softened in various ways. At the close of a day's labor it was the usual custom to assemble around campfires, with music and song, to relieve the loneliness and disagreeable features of army life. One Scotchman of our corps, whose name escapes my memory, could render "Annie Laurie" with the aid of his violin and rich brogue in a manner that is seldom equaled. He was never too fatigued to respond to a call for music. "The Red, White and Blue," "Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs, the entire corps frequently joining in the chorus, would drive the blues out of our camp at least, if it did not out of the camps of our neighbors.

When forced to remain idle for a day by the suspension of army movements, various forms of recreation were indulged in. One furnishing great amusement was the use of easy-riding mules in the saddle. The best looking mules were of course picked first. The old adage that appearances are often deceitful was fully exemplified. Frequently a handsome, innocent-looking mule would seem to glory in pitching its would-be rider into the mud, and many were the bruised heads and torn clothes after such occasions.

The sale of liquor being prohibited in the army, every stratagem was used by those bibulously inclined to procure something stronger than the cider sold by sutlers. Telegraph operators could occasionally persuade an inexperienced commissary that the electric battery, in the absence of proper acids, could only be kept up by alcohol or its equivalent—a good article of whisky!

While in camp near Corinth we ordered a cook from St. Louis. A Frenchman was sent who claimed to be "high up" in all that pertains to his art. To make sure of the necessary adjuncts to his trade he came well stocked with sauces, spices, etc., but he took particular care to keep a half-barrel of fresh eggs in sight till it

reached his tent. His exceeding care was so much overdone as to excite suspicion among our boys, and the first opportunity was taken to investigate, when in the center of the barrel was found a good-sized jug, which certainly did not contain eggs.

At Paducah, overrun with soldiers as it was, whisky could not be purchased, at least not by name, but there was no restriction on the sale of cider. One prominent restaurant, on call from parties known, would set out a large-handled mug of what purported to be cider, but in reality was whisky, the color being the same; after a swallow or two was taken, the mug with remaining contents would be removed for the next guest. At the hotel in Paducah where most of the army officers were domiciled the bar-room was closed. An army officer wanting a drink would be quietly taken to a small locked bed-room on the third floor and a bottle and a glass procured from the closet.

This subject reminds me of an incident which occurred later in the service. We were moving camp in the night from Jackson, Tennessee, to Humboldt, which place we entered early in the morning on Sunday. The place had just been evacuated by the Confederates, and there were no troops of either side in town. The inhabitants were strong secessionists. On a prominent building on a street corner was painted in large letters "Jeff Davis Saloon." One of our party proposed, if he could have permission, to have that sign changed at once, though it was quite evident that his patriotism was considerably strengthened by the prospect of a stimulant. He obtained permission, and within half an hour a man was engaged erasing the name Jeff Davis from the sign. We learned later that he demanded the immediate wiping out of that name, although it was Sunday, and hinted that he would enforce his demand. He had the glory of the achievement, and I presume the drink, without force.

To facilitate matters in the heavy work required of us in front of Corinth, I

placed Duncan T. Bacon in charge of construction and working of military lines in this district. J. S. Burlingame was foreman of builders; John C. Sullivan chief operator with General Halleck; Philip Bruener and Lewis B. Spellman with General Buell; Ira G. Skinner with General Grant, and Wayne H. Parsons with General Pope.

April 30th the army commenced its advance on Corinth, thirty miles from Pittsburg Landing, and encamped at Farmington, four miles from Corinth, from which point operations against the place were conducted. Upon its evacuation the Telegraph Corps were the first to enter the deserted place; they appropriated to their use the Tishamingo Hotel and a fine private residence in the city, using them respectively for public and private quarters. The hotel referred to had been occupied as headquarters for the Confederate army, the ground floor being used as a hospital, while the upper floors were appropriated by officers. In the haste of evacuation one or two dead bodies were left in the hospital. General Beauregard's toilet articles and a fine pack of playing cards were left in his room. The housekeeper, cooks and servants were all in their places,—in fact the cooks were at the time of our taking possession preparing poultry for dinner, which work it is needless to say was continued, but under new overseers. At the private residence mentioned a force of servants made the telegraph quarters a sort of open house. No one was allowed to go hungry, and with plenty of captured provisions we could afford to be and were hospitable. Our long tables were well supplied and we were glad to see them filled.

Corinth being occupied, the attention of the Telegraph Corps was called to reconstructing lines which had been torn down, and opening up new channels of communication.

The Confederates in evacuating Corinth had taken or disabled all rolling-stock and wires and burned the bridges. On a trip of inspection on the line leading to Mem-

phis (Memphis and Charleston Railroad) with a small guard, I discovered at a crossing of the Hatchie river several wrecks of locomotives which, on account of the premature burning of the bridge, could not be taken across and had been disabled by fire and otherwise as much as possible. Realizing the value of an engine to our corps, and thinking that of the number of wrecks (some seven or eight) we might patch up one which would work, we arranged to go out with a strong force the next day and make the attempt to have steam power for our own use. The locality being several miles outside our lines, great caution was necessary, and in approaching the place our cavalry escort made a circuit closing in on the wrecks, driving in two hundred or more negroes and whites found straggling in the vicinity. As these prisoners were only an incumbrance, we started them under a suitable guard for Corinth, where the whites were turned over to the Provost marshal and the negroes, such as could be made useful, retained in the telegraph camp for service. The mechanics we had brought to the wreck succeeded in a half-day's time in getting one engine fitted with driving rods on one side; and, the boiler being all right, we soon had steam up, the track repaired, and with some manual force to get started, we steamed into Corinth

pushing two skeletons of engines ahead of us. These engines were without any requisites but wheels and axles.

The shrill screams of escaping steam from the open whistle, when we pulled into Corinth, drew thousands of soldiers to the depot to see from whence came an engine — outside the Union lines — as it was known there were none inside. With the relief of curiosity came cheers and applause for the exploit. The honor of having an engine, if only a one-sided one, was deemed by the commander of the post something that he alone should enjoy, and he accordingly demanded through an officer that it be turned over to him.

We unhesitatingly conveyed to the kid-gloved official the information that such was not our intention, and would recommend to him those we had left outside the lines. He threatened arrest and was about to proceed to put the threat into execution, when a telegram from General Halleck, to whom we had reported all the facts, directed the commanding officer not to interfere with the Telegraph Corps in any way. Our engine, though not a beauty, remained with us as a useful addition to our equipment, the only drawback being the necessity of having a crowbar at hand to start her when stuck on the center. The small matter of a missing side-rod in those days did not count.

THE MAPLE BUD.

A TINY little maple bud
Peeped from her cosy bed,
And shivered as the icy wind
Blew fiercely round her head.

"I'm very glad it is too soon,"
She said, with drowsy sigh,
"I'll creep back in my bed again
And wake up by and by."

PEACE DALE, R. I.

Frank H. Sweet.

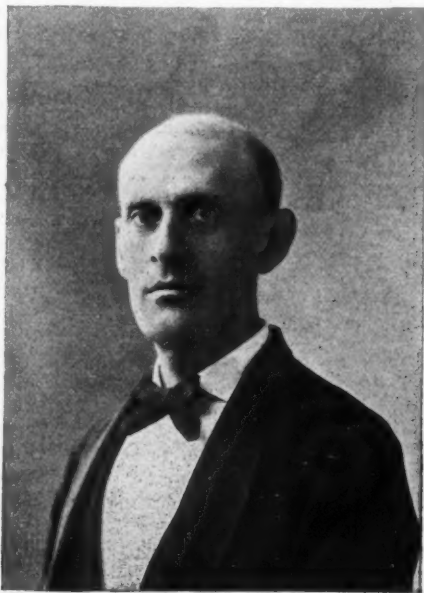
EUGENE FIELD'S WRITINGS.

BY JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

THE most hopeful sign of our current literature is the decadence of sectionalism. Our best writers are no longer confined to one locality of the Union. How far this territorial expansion tends to a broader spirit of nationalism in American letters it is too early to state with any degree of positiveness. Among those who are contributing so much to our newer literature, there is no one who gives greater promise of excellence than the Chicago author whose works have furnished entertainment to so diversified a class of readers, and who, as a poet, seems destined to revive something of the lyrical spirit that characterized the English poetry of three centuries ago.

Eugene Field is a native of Missouri, but achieved his first real literary triumphs in the far West. When he came to Chicago ten years ago, still a young man, his reputation had in a measure preceded him. During that time, as a member of the staff of a great daily newspaper, his name has become one of the most familiar in modern journalism. We can recall none of our younger writers who approach him in the range of his delicate, refined and subtle humor. He has the true spirit of the satirist. With the gentlest touch he can expose the pretensions of conceited mediocrity, the humbugs of shoddyism, and the absurdities of a self-complacent plutocracy. His rebukes are devoid of bitterness. He has no disposition to see the objects of his irony writhe and quiver beneath his thrusts. His sarcasm, like the falchion of "Rudolph, professor of the headman's trade," performs its work so keenly that the victim at first hardly realizes the fatality of the stroke.

What Edgar Allan Poe did for New York half a century ago, Eugene Field has been doing in a very different way for Chicago. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his address at one of the literary congresses at Chicago, spoke of that "satisfaction in superficiality," for which no name has yet been invented, and which is the bane of our literature. This absence of discriminating criticism, the self-complacency of mediocrity, the inability to detect current pretensions in matters of art and literature, must of necessity be conspicuous in a town like Chicago become suddenly rich and great. Whatever it is, whether we call it Philistinism, parochialism, or a form of superficial estheticism, it was much more obtrusive in the New York of Mr. Poe's time than it is



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EUGENE FIELD.

to-day, and is naturally more evident in the Chicago of Eugene Field's time than it will be in a few years. We had striking examples of it in the angry complaints that works of "undoubted local talent" were not allowed to displace world-renowned masterpieces of art and music at the Columbian Exposition.

Field's genial temperament would never permit him to descend to the bitter personalities that disfigured so many of Poe's criticisms, but his purpose is fully as laudable. The object of both is to reclaim literature from the hands of the Philistines. But Poe would consume whole pages of tedious and pedantic argumentation to accomplish what Mr. Field can do in a single sentence.

There is a numerous class of writers that persist in mistaking the applause of a select coterie for the verdict of the literary world. Literature is indeed not a question of place. There is no valid reason why the sacred fire should not burn in Oshkosh or Ypsilanti as fervently as in Athens, London or Boston. The difficulty lies in the provincialism which exaggerates commonplace performance to an equality with recognized superiority. This is amusingly travestied by Mr. Field in his alleged reports of esthetic conventions held in certain western "literary centers." The literary criticisms that from time to time he puts in the mouths of certain Chicago citizens are the perfection of sarcasm. The confused notions of what properly constitutes literature are well exposed in the absurdities he publishes under such headings as "Literary Notes," "The Literary Wayside," "Literary Laconics," etc. By a single turn of expression he caricatures the whole tribe of literary sciolists, as when he writes:

"We understand that our talented fellow-townsmen, T. Babbington Greenleaf, is engaged upon a rhythmical translation of the tripods of Horace."

The appearance of "Another New Book" is the occasion of the following appreciative bit of criticism:

"Local literary circles will be pleased to learn that the 'Art Epicurean,' a new work from the pen of Mr. H. M. Kinsley, the restaurateur, has just been issued to the trade. This toothsome volume, which is calculated to cater to the higher instincts and tastes of the cultured palate, is illustrated with choice cuts of Mr. Kinsley's business-house; and as poetry always gives an agreeable flavor to every kind of literary work, the talented author has interlarded or sandwiched his work with rare old tenderlines from the best poets."

One of Mr. Field's strongest points is his faculty of making aspiring mediocrity appear ridiculous. He is never more amusing than when travestying the superficial style of criticism so much in vogue. He administers just such treatment as is needed by many pretenders to literature. His little book of delightful absurdities, "Culture's Garland, being Memoranda of the Gradual Rise of Literature, Art, Music and Society in Chicago, and other Western Ganglia," abounds in these hits. Slight as is the material of which this volume is composed, its publication was a conspicuous event in the history of American humor. The work might justly be called "Field's Own," for no other of our humorists could have produced it. It has, too, some elements of permanency of which few American writings of its class can boast.

As a poet it is evident that Mr. Field has not yet sufficiently gauged his powers. His long dialect poems of mining life in Colorado have attained some degree of popularity. They are picturesque, vivid portrayals of rough life, mostly during the Sixties. Humor and pathos are properly blended, and the whole group is a notable one. Yet all through these poems there is a tentative and even imitative tone that in Field we confess we do not like. Their effect is as if he had turned his Pegasus into those regions by way of experiment, rather than for a permanent stamping ground. Moreover, when he writes:

An' Barber Jim (a talented but ornery galoot)
Discoursed an obligatter, conny mory, on a
float,
'Til we ez sot upstairs indulgin' in a quiet
game,
Conveyed to Barber Jim our wish to compro-
mise the same,

or,

Aud Husky Sam, the coroner, that set upon
him, said
That two things was apparent, namely, first,
deceast was dead;
And second, previously had got Involved
beyond all hope
In a knotty complication with a yard or two
of rope,

or, as when speaking of a "harnsome
weepon,"

Wich, when presented properly, wuz very apt
to sway
The popular opinion in a most persuasive
way,

we cannot resist the feeling that it is
not Mr. Field that is writing, but Bret
Harte, transferred from the Sierras to the
Rockies.

We like Mr. Field best when he is
most himself, as in his simple lyrics and
household songs. Grace and music are
the chief attributes of these unpretentious
little odes. There are no profound
thoughts, no subtle metaphysics, no hid-
den meanings in these delightfully melo-
dious utterances. They have the clear,
ringing tones of true inspiration.

That nothing succeeds like success
hardly holds true in Mr. Field's case. It
would perhaps have been better for his
permanent fame if he had never written
his most popular song, and had given us
more such poems as "Krinken," "The
Bibliomaniac's Prayer," "Little Boy
Blue," "The Singing in God's Acre,"
"Dibdin's Ghost," and "Telka." As
it is, he is associated in the popular mind
rather as the author of "The Little Peach"
than as the writer of some of our best lat-
ter day lyrics. Certainly none but a true
poet could have written "The Wanderer."

Upon a mountain height far from the sea
I found a shell.
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing.
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came that shell upon that mountain
height?

Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too care-
less hand.
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept
the Land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang,—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,—
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of
these.

And he does sing of home and domes-
tic life with a simplicity and pathos that
few have equaled.

It is perhaps because Mr. Field is pre-
eminently a lyric poet that he so fully
appreciates the Latin lyricist. Naturally
Horace is his favorite poet. We do not
claim that Mr. Field is an American
Horace, but we do assert that if that en-
tertaining Roman were alive to-day and
could read English, he would derive in-
tense satisfaction from the odes and sa-
tires of his American disciple. The young
poet's versions of his master are para-
phrases rather than translations, but on
that very account the true Horatian flavor
has been all the better preserved.

Mr. Field has also essayed to give us a
rendering of Virgil's First Eclogue. As
a specimen of English hexameter, it is
much more successful than Mr. Longfel-
low's translation of the same. To the
caesural, which in Virgilian hexameters
is as important as the end of the line,
and which Longfellow is inclined to ig-
nore, Field gives proper emphasis by
making it a rhyming syllable. The chief
fault with Mr. Field's experiment is the
frequent extra syllabification at the be-
ginning of a line. For instance,—

A god,—yes a god, I declare, vouchsafes me
these pleasant conditions,
And often I gaily repair with a tender white
lamb to the altar.
He gives me the leisure to play my greatly
admired compositions,
While my helpers go browsing all day, un-
hampered of bell and of halter.

An unaccented syllable may be legiti-
mate enough to begin an English hexa-
meter with, when, as in the first three
lines quoted, such unaccented syllable is
little more than a mere breathing; but
when, as in the last line, a second word
or syllable is prefixed, the effect is that
of neither an anapaestic nor dactylic hex-
ameter. Such violations are so frequent

throughout the translation as to amount to a serious fault. If we must have English hexameters, let us have them correct.

In his attempts to give a modern effect to some of his Horatian lyrics, Mr. Field is especially felicitous. "Lydia Dick," in its way, is perfect. Not so successful is his appropriation of a very modern ballad, Whittier's "Telling the Bees." Mr. Field's poem of that name, even if it is to be considered as a companion-piece to the elder poet's ballad, necessarily suffers by comparison.

It is still too early in Mr. Field's career to hazard an opinion upon the relative merits of his prose and verse. As a writer of fairy stories he will rank with the best. He writes with that delightful naiveté of style that characterizes some of the elder Hawthorne's short stories. He thoroughly understands child-nature, and the art of appealing to childish fancies. His Christmas stories are of the kind that are always new and always charming. From the poetic atmosphere of these old-world tales to the intensely modern tone of "The Hampshire Hills," "Ezra's Thanksgiving," and others, is a long step. Yet the transition is not a violent one. The sketches from the commonplace life of the present are all suffused with the same glow of tender sentiment that characterizes his romantic legends of "The Symbol and the Saint," "Ludwig and Eloise," and "The Fairies of Pesth." Mr. Field's tastes naturally cling to the idealizations of a storied past, but he has shown himself a true poet by his ability to spiritualize certain phases of modern life. He has made no special attempt to convert the suggestions of physical science to the service of imaginative literature, but he has shown (if any such proof were necessary) that spir-

itual ideals exist in the latter years of the nineteenth century no less than in the ages of romance and chivalry.

The defects of Mr. Field's style are apparent at a glance. His natural spontaneity sometimes in his lighter lyrics betrays itself into a flippancy and even slang, not at all essential to the inherent humor. A more serious fault of both his prose and verse is the tendency of his sentiment to degenerate into sentimentalism. This is a time-worn fault of American writers, and suggests the days of our early literature, when the chief end of poetry seemed to be to cause tears; when "lines" and "stanzas" were evoked by a pair of shoes or socks, a ribbon or a lock of hair, and when an entirely disproportionate part of American verse seemed inspired by deceased infants. This kind of literature has been so thoroughly overdone that it is all the more depressing to find a strong bright genius like Eugene Field working over the same old themes. We are not sure that his frequent affectations of archaic styles, except when he intends to be humorous, adds anything to the value of his work. There is an innate freshness and genuineness about some of his finer poems, that need no adventitious aids to remind us of the best Elizabethan lyrics. But it seems like gilding refined gold to clothe them in a form of expression not natural to the writer. There is so much, however, in Mr. Field's writings that is sincere, manly and true, that it seems ungracious to lay any great stress upon his weaknesses. It is at least suggestive that from the great commercial western metropolis should come this voice that in clearness and sweetness recalls the notes of those who sang in the morning time of English song.

CUPID'S WITCHCRAFT.

AT SUCH strange witchcraft Cupid plays,—
The very hearts that at high noon
Were cold beneath the sun's hot rays
Grow warm beneath the chilly moon!

MUSCATINE.

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE "LOST MINE" FOUND.

TRUE STORY OF THE FIND—TOLD IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[Through the kindness of Mrs. Frederick Field, of Des Moines, *THE MIDLAND* is permitted to give its readers a true story, surpassing fiction in the stimulus it gives the imagination, and incidentally revealing, with charming freedom from literary mannerisms, a character more to be prized than all the gold the Humboldt mountains cover, a character developed under circumstances peculiar to the West—a bold, courageous, but thoroughly womanly woman. The heroine of this true story has unconsciously done the West and literature a service. In her simple, well-told tale of adventure she has pictured a woman thoroughly western, never happier than when riding horseback, or, with her rifle, hunting game or seeking adventure; familiar with the *patois* of the ranch and of the mining camp, yet free from the swagger and slang which belong to the heroine of the Wild Western drama and novel of the time. The following is the original letter received by Mrs. Field late in March last.—Ed.]

LASSON MEADOWS, NEVADA.
SUNDAY.

MY DEAR MRS. FIELD:

HERE is the little story from life which in my letter yesterday I promised to write you.

Away back in the Sixties, when the mining excitement of old Humboldt City was dying out and people were rushing to Reese River, Idaho, there was a very rich gold mine discovered in one of the canyons that furrow the southwestern slope of the grand old mountain at whose base I have passed so many years of my life. So rich was the ore these men took out of the twenty-foot shaft sunk on the ledge that they were wild with excitement. One of the men gave mama a specimen of it—it is the finest bit of gold ore she has ever had in her cabinet. They only took out a little ore—and, putting half a ton of it with a ton and a half from another place across the canyon that they called the "Prospect South," they had it worked in a crude little mill on the river that was only adapted to working silver ore, and which, in this case, could ex-

tract no gold whatever from the rock. The result was—nothing whatever. The men, thinking it was rebellious ore,—not free milling enough to be worked with profit,—discouraged and disgusted, left the country. One was soon killed by hostile Indians north of here; two others died; the rest drifted east or west,—none knew where,—and soon mine and men were forgotten.

But, as the years went by, some of the old settlers began retelling the old stories of the wonderful wealth of the gold mine; and those who listened heard with keenest interest, for a railroad had come and made both living and mining so much cheaper that, could the mine be found, it might be successfully worked by some of the later and improved methods of milling gold ore. Party after party was organized to search for it—papa joining one or two of them. Time and time again they went, only to return with tired limbs and torn clothing—to report their failure.

The lost mine was lost indeed. It lay hidden somewhere in the top of old Humboldt in one of the forks of the canyon that reaches like a great arm and outstretched hand to the peak of the mountain. For years and years Chinamen have placer-worked the creek that runs down the canyon and have found thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust. And men have tried to find the lost mine by following up the placers in the stream to the ledge from which the melting snows and rains have worn away the gold and washed it down the canyon. But as no gold was ever found in the stream above where the canyon forks, this means of finding it was also unsuccessful. And no other mining has been done here since I was a child except in silver claims—now abandoned—that dot the mountain from top to bottom. This

canyon is a great, rugged gorge with precipitous sides that tower so high in some places that they seem to lean together at the top and shut out all but a narrow strip of sky. The ascent is steep beyond description; the stream, a succession of cascades and leaping waterfalls; and here and there above are natural bridges in the rocks,—great rocks whose colors blend from brown to gray, here and there showing the different shades of quartz rock forming the dump of some abandoned mine. Most of the work had yielded low grade ore. Were it not for the little specimen bright with gold that mama has kept for thirty years, I myself would long ago have believed no mine was here that was worth the working, and that the story of the lost mine was a myth.

Last fall I was telling a young man, who used to work for us, about this mine, of which he had never before heard. It had been abandoned before he was born, for he is not yet thirty—a Franco-Spaniard named Laseraus Jesus Feliz, but whom we call "Billy." When I mentioned the name of the canyon, he exclaimed, "I know where it is! I have seen it!"

I could scarcely believe him at first, but he told how, when he left our employ, seven years ago, he bought thirteen head of horses of us that in the spring he turned out to graze in Black Canyon, but when in the fall he went to get them they were so wild he could not catch them, but followed them as they rushed up the cliffs like wild goats, and over a rocky ridge, where they disappeared through a hitherto unseen opening through a crest of rocks, and so went out of sight. There he almost fell into an old, deserted mining shaft which was full of water that came from the melted snow running down a spout-like ledge of rock. He thought it the queerest place imaginable to find a mine; but, not knowing of the mine that scores of men had looked for, he did not know that by accident he had found that one, lost for a quarter of a century. No other prospect hole was visible anywhere; there was nothing to show that the ridge

had ever known man's work, except in this one place. The white ledge of quartz was sunken between two walls of red-brown rock, where it would escape the notice of any prospector who might chance to come here, unless he came within a few feet of it. Hidden away from all mankind, it had lain neglected for thirty years, and only the birds and the butterflies and the little gray squirrels knew where. And now, after seven years, he for the first time knew what it was he had found!

Billy told me he would take me there; so, early one morning, he on his "Gallo" and I on my pet single-footer—my "Pajarito," the best saddler in the state—we started for the canyon, a dozen miles or more from our ranch. After we entered the mouth of Black Canyon, we began to go up, up, up that steep gorge three or four miles, over slipping, sliding rocks, around boulders and cliffs, up and up, higher and higher all the while, where our panting horses could scarcely find a footing and never a secure one. Sometimes they were slipping back on their haunches—sometimes falling forward on their knees, resting themselves every dozen steps or so for a breathing spell.

On and on we climbed till midday brought us to the ridge that held and hid the mine so many years unfound. Then we dismounted and continued the ascent on foot after tying our horses to the rocks. A half-mile or so of climbing brought us to the spot Billy had described,—and, sure enough, there it was! The Lost Mine! Lost no longer, but found,—and now to be ours! We looked—and looked—and looked our fill, then turned and looked away down into the great valley that lay beneath a billowy sea of flying white fog. Hundreds of feet below us the valley of the Humboldt lay, and far away to the south was the sink of the river, and miles still farther away—far over in the Stillwater country, glistening like a great mirror turned to the sky—was Carson Lake. Away to the northwest, beyond range after range of every shade of blue, were the snow-covered peaks of

Oregon and Idaho. Near us, in Antelope and Eugene mountains, it was raining and the wet, cold wind from the south was bringing flakes of snow and drops of rain in the rolling black clouds. Soon it was sleeting; yet, in the midst of it all we sat down on the ore dump to speculate on the probable worth of our find! It was within eight miles of a railroad station, with wood and water abundant for the running of a mill; and we said if the ore would average \$7.00 per ton it would pay well enough to work, providing it didn't have to be sorted to get at that result. However, as there had been such stories of fabulous wealth there, we thought it perhaps would average \$15.00 per ton. That is the average of the Utica mine in Calaveras county, California, which has a daily output of seven thousand dollars, running a 200 stamp mill.

So we sat there in the drizzling rain and dreamed dreams,—mine, of getting out of debt; his, of marrying his Minnie and having a home in Mendocino county, California. The clouds above us had golden linings and all the rest of the world was rose color.

I wrote out the location notice—naming it "The Lost Mine," and claiming "1500 feet of this ledge, or lode, of mineral-bearing rock, beginning at this monument and notice and running 750 feet in an easterly and 750 feet in a westerly direction, together with all dips, spurs and angles," etc., down through the long notice to the date and signatures. Then we sounded the depth of the little shaft—23 feet, 8 inches. We examined the ledge—nearly three feet wide at this point, and we could trace it 600 feet. From the croppings I broke off a bit of the white quartz rock and there, shining out like a star, was a speck of gold. Small as a pin point, it is true, but gold,—bright, shining, yellow gold!

Then we climbed over those awful rocks and precipices to make our boundary monuments, Billy going ahead with one end of the tape line in his hip pocket; I, fifty feet behind, with the other end held in my teeth, for I had to use both hands and

knees to climb with, and my habit-skirt was a heavy burden.

I have learned wisdom by experience, and on such expeditions now wear my hunting suit, which is just the thing,—a brown denim shirt waist, made with a yoke in the back, deep cuffs and a turn-over collar and a breast pocket; brown denim trousers of a most masculine cut and finish; brown canvas leggings buttoning over them to the knee, where they meet a brown denim kilt; a brown canvas, double-visored cap covers my head, and heavy buckskin gauntlets my hands. When the weather is cold, I wear a brown canvas shooting-jacket, the huge pockets of which are just the thing for carrying ore samples. But this day we measured the lost mine,—claiming 1500 feet, "with surface ground 600 feet in width,"—and I had to contend with a habit-skirt, and you may be sure I fully realized how far 1500 x 600 means.

We took a number of pieces of ore from the dump of waste rock—for it is waste—they having shipped all that was good and thrown this aside. On account of the water, we could not get down into the shaft to get any better pieces. As the rock lay piled there at the dump, it was evident that no one had touched it through all the dead and gone years, for not one piece showed sign of having been freshly cracked. All were red with the rust of time and many were lichen-covered and moss-grown.

The next day we sent samples to the best assayers of Salt Lake, San Francisco, Reno and Virginia City—seven in all. I also sent a piece of the croppings from near the shaft that looked like barren quartz so white was it. From this latter I did not expect any very favorable result—at most only "a trace of gold" was all I expected, so you may imagine how pleased I was at the report that it would go "eighteen cents in silver and \$7.52 in gold" per ton. But the certificates of assays from the different samples of waste ore from the dump were wonderful! All carried more or less silver, and in gold these were the returns: \$75.24, \$175.69,

\$42.20, \$153.20, \$50.73, \$274.33 and \$286.38. They were all so amazing that I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses; in fact, I am scarcely able to yet, in spite of what those versed in such matters tell me. A mining expert said to me a few days ago that if the body of ore was big enough and averaged \$30.00 per ton, it would mean—"a lovely home—Worth and Felix gowns—a private car—a yacht—foreign travel—everything that any *reasonable* woman (here he laughed) could ask for!" Our hopes *are* high and the disappointment will be great if anything should go amiss in this, for the higher one flies the farther one falls. Mama is so, *so* happy and hopeful and is planning all sorts of things. Every mail brings letters to me individually, or to Strobbridge & Feliz, concerning this affair in some way, until mama says my mail is getting so voluminous I will have to begin right now with a private secretary. Well, we have lots of joking about it and it is a pleasure, at least, to see mama so bright and cheerful. And papa says it's a relief to have people suspend their dunning letters, as they have done since they heard that his daughter may soon be in a position to pay his debts. Dear old dad! How good it will seem to me to be able to fix everything all right for him, and to assure him that his days of worry and work are over! You see I speak of this as if it were an assured thing; but I'm not to blame,—it's the others; they all tell me so much that I am come to believe all they say.

But I must return to my story. A day or so after our return home, I was reading the United States Mining Laws (I haven't looked into a German or Spanish book for weeks—everything is neglected—and I was studying so diligently on the two languages before this! Mining books are all I read now), and I found that the monuments were not as high as the law required; and then, too, we had concluded it was an oversight not to have located a mill-site and the water-right, so we determined to go back at once, before anyone else took advantage of it. This sec-

ond trip was the hardest, roughest trip I ever took in my life. From previous experience I had found that an hour's climbing wrecked both shoes and stockings, from coming in contact with the sharp stones, and my feet were soon sore and bleeding at the edge of the boot sole. This time I went prepared with a change of footwear to put on when the climbing was over and I ready to ride home. The warm sun thawed the snow that had fallen the night before and shoes and stockings were soon completely wet through with the penetrating snow-water. We left home at an early breakfast hour and did not reach there again until 11:15 that night. From noon that day till long after dark we were afoot, climbing over rocks on which were from two to four inches of snow that began to freeze about four o'clock, and then the aching of our toes and fingers was intense. However, we made all the monuments higher, and as we completed the last one, the center end one at the west end line, there we saw beyond our claim a continuation of the ledge. So we took up another 1500 feet, naming it the "Pajarito," building more monuments and taking samples from the croppings.

Then we did some prospecting and found another extension and located that as well, calling it the "Idah M. Strobbridge," and from the croppings of this latter got more samples to be assayed. The ledges showed from six inches to four feet wide, and we felt that as the croppings at the "Lost Mine" only went \$7.52, and just beneath ore was taken out worth nearly \$300.00, "surely," said we, "if these new croppings only show 'a trace of gold' we will be satisfied that by sinking a shaft here we can get at least pay rock." At any rate we wouldn't be discouraged if the assayer reported "nothing at all," for we had done but little prospecting, and the character of the rock was just the same as at the "Lost Mine." I never shall forget the experiences of that day!—the excitement occasioned by the finding of two new claims, the bitter cold we endured the latter part of the day and in the evening, and the climbing we did over

those frightful places where we risked our limbs, if not our lives. When we built the first monument of the "Lost Mine, mill-site and water-right," the stars were beginning to come out. When we had completed the last one it was dark as Egyptian night down in that canyon, and we had two miles to walk, leading our horses by the bank of the stream, to get to the old Chinaman's placer camp, where we could dry our clothes and get warm.

We made ourselves the Chinaman's guests for an hour and a half, getting quite in trim by the blaze in the fire-place of his little dugout. My leggings, stockings and shoes were saturated with water, and the latter were worn to shreds. Shoes and stockings had to be cut from my feet with a penknife, they were so wet and my feet were so swollen. But we were soon comfortable, freshly shod and dry. In spite of the smoke from the fire of green wood that filled the place, in spite of the ground floor, the dirt roof, from which hung an odd assortment of old clothes, cooking utensils and dried Chinese fish against which we occasionally bumped our heads, in spite of the varied and numberless things that littered the floor of the dirty, dusky little room,—it was as a palace of comfort and beauty and cleanliness to us two tired, water-soaked mortals, and we were loth to depart when, after being refreshed with huge bowls of delicious tea, we again mounted our horses and rode forth into the freezing, moonless night, down the canyon, over the mesa, across the alkali flats toward the ranch, thirteen miles away.

On the Big Flat, Billy had to dismount and walk, he was so benumbed with the intense cold. Twice, before that, we had built immense bonfires of sage-brush and greasewood by which we were temporarily warmed. It was indeed a long day and a hard trip.

When the assay report came from the "Pajarito" and "Idah M. Strobbridge" croppings, it was our greatest surprise, for it showed "a trace of silver" and "\$24.10 in gold,"—more than three times as much as the croppings at the "Lost Mine."

The assayers write us that it is the richest rock they have ever assayed from this part of the country, and all agree that it is free milling. The analysis made by Professor Jackson, of the Nevada State Mining Laboratory, is more promising still. But all agree that it must be worked by a concentrator. Thirty years ago there wasn't such a thing as a concentrator in the United States, which fact, taken in connection with the knowledge of the men having mixed a half-ton of this with a ton and a half of utterly worthless ore (proven so afterward) from the "Prospect South," satisfies me as to why the little silver mill that worked it could extract no gold whatever—none. Last week Billy and I shipped a trial lot of ore to be crushed and worked by the Selby Smelting and Lead Company, of San Francisco, and the check they sent us on the Bank of California, payable to "Strobbridge & Feliz," proves that there was a mistake made by some one back in the Sixties. For this is not as good ore as that which they had worked. They selected theirs from the dump, whereas we took some of what they left.

The experts here tell us we have as good a mine as any in South Africa. Perhaps. I don't know. Just now it is all under deep snow and nothing can be done till spring works the combination of the time-lock that winter has set upon the mountain. Then we are to go to work and see if it is really all it promises to be.

If! There are so many ifs in mining. It is a great game of chance, and I have all a gamester's love of speculation. It is the uncertainty that attracts one, I suppose,—the pleasurable excitement of awaiting the unknown. Do you not both hope for me and with me in this new promise of good things to come? Though perhaps I wouldn't be any happier on the whole than I am now. There isn't a thing money could buy that would give me any more genuine pleasure than I've had some of the days when papa and I've gone off fifteen or twenty miles to where there is good wing-shooting, where the sage chickens are so thick that one's gun-

barrel gets so hot one can scarcely hold it because of the fast shooting,—days when I've had good luck and have had more game than I could carry,—for I always get more than papa does since his eyesight is become somewhat impaired. Such days I wouldn't exchange for anything else in the world. But if the mines are all they promise to be, there are other things to enjoy as well, so I wait and hope. Sometimes I have wondered why my lot was cast here, why it was that I alone have had the opportunity for such pleasures, widely differing from those of other women. Perhaps it was for this, for "all things come to him who waits." If it is to be success, I shall be glad for dear old mother's and father's sake and will try to enjoy to the fullest all that comes to me. If failure is to be my portion, I shall make no complaint in my disappointment, but will try to bear it with as good a grace as possible, and will say, "Whatever *is*, is right," knowing that for some inscrutable reason it will be best to have had this unfulfilled hope; and I will drop back into the old routine, finding my pleasures with my shotgun or rifle, or on my beloved Pajarito, riding my twenty or thirty miles a day looking after work on the place.

Nearly every mail brings a request from some one who wants to be taken to my properties. So many have asked that I now have to refuse all requests; for, if I take only those whom I have already promised, they will have located the country adjoining my claim for miles. Those who have written to me and obtained such a promise are our Supreme Judge Bonnifield; D. A. Bender, president of the First National Bank of Reno

and president of the V. & T. R. R.; Robert Laws, superintendent of the V. & T. R. R.; George Nixon, cashier of the First National Bank of Winnemucca; Governor Colcord, of this state; W. S. Bender, ex-secretary of the Ophir Mine, of Virginia City, and a Mr. Andrews, a mining expert; also a Mr. Stanley—mining expert for Senator Jones and Mr. Sharon, of Virginia. With the exception of the two experts, all are men ready to assist me with capital in the way of putting up a mill, or anything of that kind, for an interest in the mines. All are men well versed in mining affairs. So, you see, although I have gone to no one about this, people are coming to me and I can get help if I need it to go on with the development of the mines. And until the mines are developed we don't know what is there. But they tell me that with so much of the ledge exposed, and so rich at the surface, it might be said to be already developed.

Papa says he knows that when the snow is gone he and Billy can go up there and in a month can, without any assistance, get out a carload—twenty tons—of ore that will go from \$250.00 to \$300.00 per ton. The winter will seem long to us all while we wait. This has been a long story, but I know you'll be interested in it. Tell Mrs. V—P—, of Chicago, that I am reminded of a prophecy she made to me on the night of March 5, 1892, coming home from a Thomas Orchestra concert. She said that within ten years I would have opportunity for extensive travel. And I hope the prophecy will come true by way of the little group of mines on the top of Humboldt mountain.

Yours affectionately,

IDA H. M. S.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HIS heart-torn pathos has enriched the earth
And blessed the land that gave his genius birth;
Mankind forgets his life, almost his name,
But gives his verse alone undying fame.

SIoux CITY.

G. F. Rinehart.

AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD INCIDENT.

BY MATT PARROTT.

THE story of "Underground Railroad Adventures" in the February MIDLAND brings to mind an incident that occurred in Iowa in the early Fifties which has never appeared in print, and will be of interest as showing that, after all, the silent appeal to the humanity that is implanted in us seldom fails of an effective answer. The event occurred in a county seat town of one of the eastern counties in Iowa. The man who related the story to the writer was engaged in the mercantile business, and was known in the community as a large-hearted, public-spirited citizen. There were Quaker settlements both west and south of the town; and in time our friend, whom we will call "Charley," as that was the name used by his customers and neighbors in dealing with him, became an agent in his vicinity for the "Underground Railroad." The story he told was substantially as follows.

One night, while engaged in nursing a sick member of his family, he was called to the door by a knock. Opening the door, he was confronted by a man in Quaker garb, who informed him that he had a runaway slave in charge; that he had brought him from the Quaker settlement west, and wanted Charley to carry him on to Dubuque, some fifty miles away.

Charley said he had been acting as nurse; the adult members of the family were worn with watching; he had been compelled to neglect his business for a number of days; he was broken down with fatigue, and it was simply impossible for him to undertake the journey.

Accepting the statement as a valid excuse, the next question to be decided was what could be done under the circumstances. The Quaker's team had been taken after a hard day's work and driven nearly a score of miles, and the Quaker himself could go no farther.

After thinking over the situation, Charley told his visitor that a few miles east on the road to Dubuque there was another agent who could be relied on, and, if he could get the runaway there, he thought there would be no trouble in inducing him to undertake the task of turning over the man to friends in Dubuque.

"Follow the road east about four miles and a half," was the direction, "or until you cross a small stream, and then rouse up the family in the first house on the right after crossing the stream."

It was midnight. Good-byes were hurriedly said, and the Quaker and his charge passed on.

Our friend Charley heard nothing concerning the matter for nearly two weeks. The occurrence had almost passed from his mind, when one day, while busy waiting on customers, a man entered the store and stood apparently waiting for something. Having attended to the wants of those in the store, he turned to the last comer and asked what he could do for him. The man was of a class always common in new settlements. He was a rough, illiterate fellow from southern Indiana—a man apparently without fine sensibilities, and one who would undoubtedly have a better appreciation of a dog-fight than of a sermon. When asked his errand he looked ashamed, but finally blurted out:

"Well, I got your nigger to Dubuque all right."

"My nigger?" questioned Charley, "I don't understand."

"Yes, that nigger you sent to me by the Quaker."

"I never sent either a nigger or a Quaker to your house," said Charley.

"Then the d—d Quaker lied," said the visitor. "He came to my house one Friday night. He said he had a runaway slave with him that wanted to reach Du-

buque and that you had told him I was the man who would do the work."

Charley did some rapid thinking. Had he made a mistake in directing the Quaker, or had the Quaker made the mistake? The man before him lived the *left* side of the road after crossing the stream. The agent lived on the *right*. Who made the mistake was not a question of very great importance then, for the work had been accomplished, "but how in the world did this man come to undertake the work!"

The man had discovered by this time that he had been the victim of a mistake, but he had some pride in the business, and he finally told Charley how it all happened.

"The Quaker got to my house about one o'clock in the morning," he said. "He routed me out of bed and told me about having a runaway slave in his wagon. He had been directed by Charley — to bring him to my house and ask me to take him to Dubuque, where I was to turn him over to a certain person, who would then help him on his way to Canada. By thunder, I was staggered. Asking me to help a runaway nigger out of the country! Why, Charley, you know I am a democrat and don't take any stock in your abolition notions. I thought the Quaker had made a mistake, but he told me he was certain I was the man.

"Well, I was bothered. First I thought I'd give you and the Quaker and the nigger a good cussing, but somehow I didn't. I finally got a light, and then asked the Quaker in and made him tell me the story all over again. Then I went out and tried to get a look at the nigger, who had been left in the wagon to hold the team. It was too dark. I told him to get out of the wagon and hitch the team and come into the house. Well, I got him into the lighted room and looked him over. He was a big, solid-built fellow, black as tar; but when he looked squarely at me with his big eyes, I just caved. He was scared,

and there was such a pleading look about him that I just made up my mind I'd help him, no matter what happened. It was then too late to start. I routed out my wife and told her to get something for the men to eat. I fed the Quaker's team, and kept up a hard thinking about what I was doing and where I would keep the nigger all day.

"After the Quaker started back I told my wife about the job I had agreed to do, and asked her where we could put our visitor. There was a small room on one side seldom used except for a storeroom, and we finally concluded to put him in there. Wife she got some bed-clothes and made a bed on the floor, and there he stayed until the next night, wife carrying him his victuals and an occasional drink.

"After dark I hitched up my team, piled a lot of straw in the wagon-bed, and took a buffalo-robe and two or three blankets along. The nigger rode on the seat with me until daylight, when I made him lay down on the straw, and I covered him with the buffalo and blankets. It was considerable after breakfast time when we got to Dubuque, and I was kind o' scarey for fear some one might jump on the wagon and see what I had; but no one did, and, after asking a good many questions, I found out the man I wanted, and I drove into a barn and turned over my passenger all right.

"It is a pretty good joke on me, aint it, Charley? Why, if any one had told me three months ago that I would help a runaway nigger into Canada, somebody would have got a mighty good lickin' right there. You see, down where I was raised we thought niggers ought to be slaves — that's what they was made for. But that nigger's eyes beat me, and I just caved. But it's all right now, Charley. I hope the nigger is in Canada. But" — with a little of the old nature crowding to the front — "don't tell any one about it — I'd never hear the last of it."



THE SOD HOUSE OF THE PIONEER.

BY BERTHA LITTLE.

THE sod house of the western pioneer is rapidly becoming an institution of the past. Once it served as a warm and comfortable shelter in a country affording little or no other material for building purposes. Now it greets the eye as a relic of bygone days and, picturesque in its decay, is artistically a thing of beauty. Dotting the horizon along the western portions of our prairie land, the ruined "soddy" yet appears in evidence, not alone, but in company with substantial

barns and farm-houses, attesting the enterprise and thrift of the early settler and his success in the struggle for existence in what in his time was known as the "Great American Desert."

My present purpose is simply to reproduce—and so preserve from oblivion—a typical sod house in ruins, that in the coming time the many readers of *THE MIDLAND* may the better remember the pioneer era which it represents.

Holdrege, Neb.

EARTH LAUGHS THROUGH TEARS.

OLD Winter, low down in the sunset West,
Hath set his polished shield, o'erlaid with gold,
Against which poplars, black and bare with cold,
Stand slim and sharp, his iron spears in rest.
His barbarous hand cleft queenly Autumn's breast
With frost-tipped darts. Her lifeless form he rolled
In cerements of ice, chill fold on fold,
And now the victor's crown gleams from his crest.

But lo! A youth, his locks empearled with dew,
Rides by, green-wreathing Winter's captured spears,
And from his stolen shield float scarfs of blue,
And pink and amethyst. Earth laughs through tears;
The flower bells ring out their perfume peals,—
For Winter's corpse drags at his chariot wheels!

Bertha May Booth.

IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

A MIDLANDER AT THE AMERICAN GIRLS' CLUB, IN PARIS.

BY ELLEN F. PRATT.

SUNDAY is the day of days for all Paris to be out of doors. Go where you will you find men, women and children enjoying themselves. The tops of the omnibuses and trains are "complet"; the parks are swarming; the galleries are full; the voitures are laden; the chairs on the Champs Elysées are all occupied; the little round tables everywhere to be seen on the narrow sidewalks of the gay city are surrounded by a lively throng, drinking wine, beer, absinthe, or perhaps partaking of more substantial refreshment.

The majority of Parisians live in apartments scarce large enough to "swing a cat" in. These *petit chambres* open on small paved courts in the rear, and on noisy paved streets in front. Owing to such cramped quarters the people live in what we Americans would term a hand-to-mouth fashion. Shops are on every square, where cooked meats and vegetables can be bought hot, also bouillon, chocolat, etc. Then the little charbon shops are thickly dotted in every rue and one sees charbonniers lugging sacks which hold perhaps a bushel, toiling up, up, up, four and five flights of stairs to deposit this—to Americans—wee morsel of fuel in the wee little cuisine, or kitchen. The ground floor, or what is here called rez de chaussée, is not at all desirable; the third floor is the aristocratic étage, and the fourth and fifth are quite popular; but, mind you, there are no lifts, or elevators!

I have a number of artist friends up on the sixth floor, whose rooms are dear, cozy little dens, but where I beg to be excused from frequent visits. These apartment buildings are not blessed with an abundance of light or sunshine. So, with all the attractions outside, is it to be wondered that people do not house themselves?

On Sunday last I betook myself to the Ecole des Beaux Arts about one o'clock, and spent an hour in contemplating the paintings of the successful competitors for the "Prié de Rome." Every year a subject is given the pupils of the Beaux Arts and ten of the best compositions are sent to Rome. Out of this ten, four receive prizes, and these are then hung in the exhibition salle. The last subject given was "Judith and Holofernes." After an uncritical examination of these pictures, I continued my walk across the river to the Louvre and there spent two hours with old master painters and sculptors. How grand the privilege to stand before these famous creations! How inspiring, and yet how fatiguing! The head, held for hours in such an unnatural position, begins to rebel and the weary limbs that have walked through the Latin Quarter and then through miles of palace halls are likewise becoming stubborn and lagging.

Outside, tram after tram, each with its three powerful steeds abreast, goes clattering by. The omnibuses, too, succeed each other—all full. There's nothing for it but to return as I came, *a la pied*, and so homeward I go.

Arriving at rue de Cheveurse, I bethink me of the "American Girls' Club" and the five o'clock tea which is served every afternoon to all American women who drop in for a social half-hour, or to enjoy the reading room with its bountifully supplied tables. I enter the cozy sitting-room, up one flight of stairs, and find a score of young women sitting around in lively converse, each with her steaming cup of Russian tea and the "petit biscuit" which accompanies it. I am greeted by some of my girl friends and given an arm-chair and a cup of fragrant tea, and very soon the weariness is all forgotten. After

a few moments' chat I enter the attractive reading-room to glance over the New York *Herald* (Paris edition), the *Harper, Cosmopolitan, Ladies' Home Journal*, or some other familiar monthly, when my eyes fall upon THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. I take it up hastily, for it seems almost like meeting a friend from home, and the face of our dear old Governor Kirkwood looks out at me. Yes, and there is his home, so familiar, also. How memories rush and crowd upon me! The last time I took up this magazine was in the old homestead at Iowa City, with my mother beside me. THE MIDLAND was just trying its wings. Had anyone then said to me, "In less than a year hence you will be reading this magazine in the city of Paris, at the American Girls' Club; your home will be bereft of the sweet spirit which has made it for nigh two-score years the dearest spot on earth, and strangers will be in possession and tread its familiar ways," I would have laughed to scorn the idle jest. But so the changes ring.

This American Girls' Club was founded some three years ago by Rev. W. W. Newell and wife, who felt the need of such an institution for the many American girls who come abroad to study, and who know little or nothing of French life. Married women are not admitted as roomers, though they can enjoy the restaurant privileges and the reading room. The afternoon teas and all expenses of rent and taxes are borne by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid—a warm friend of the Newells—and a number of other large-hearted women. There are about forty regular

boarders and roomers at the club, which is conducted in a home-like manner under the direction of Madame de Cressonier. Sunday evening receptions are held, when gentlemen are permitted to call; and, after a brief song service, there is a brilliant flow of conversation, for there are many bright and clever young men and women here in this busy work-a-day Latin Quarter.

Merson, Delacuse, Curlorossi and others have schools within a few squares of each other, and each is well patronized, mainly by Americans. I have visited a number of the schools on criticism day and looked on with profit and pleasure while the master artist—Dupies, Merson, or mayhap our young American watercolorist, Mr. Earps—takes his seat before one or other of the easels and gently and quietly "pulls to pieces" the aspiring artist's attempt to paint the model.

And how thick these models are in Paris! A few days ago about twenty of them posed in one of the rooms where the class was at work. These were costume models, but the nudes are about as plentiful, and men and women are apparently as much at ease in nature's dress as were our first parents! One gets used here to seeing the human form untrammelled with drapery, for the parks and the galleries, so free to all, are filled with exquisitely modeled forms in marble, and the canvases on the walls, with their rich flesh tones, everywhere speak of the artists' fondness for reproducing "the human form divine."

Paris, Nov. 21, 1894.

"YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

OH, WELL for the joy,—
It is sweet! It is sweet!
The sin is in bud,
Its heart in retreat.

Alack for the joy!
For time will disclose
The shame of the sin,
As the heart of the rose.

NEW YORK.

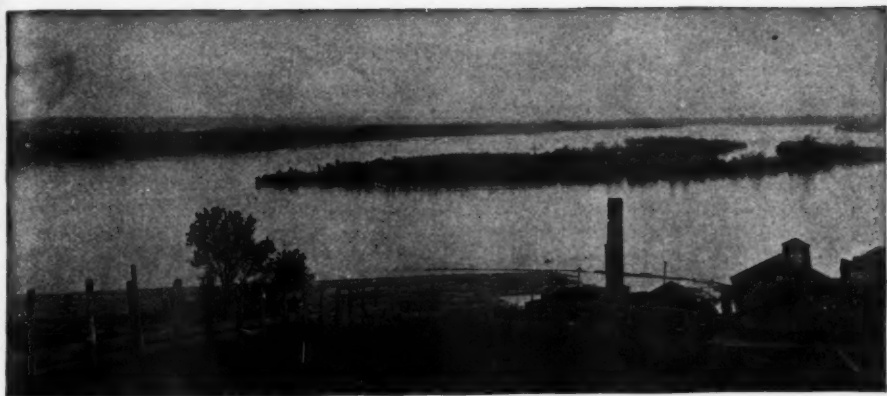
Arthur Grissom.



MUSCATINE.

*Two-fold the memory of olden days:
 Here rose the town on tawny bluffs upborne;
 And there the forest climbed to meet the morn,
 Hiding its wonders from the wistful gaze
 Of boyish eyes. Between the leafy maze
 That mocked my longing, and old paths out-worn,
 Unheeding all my helpless rage and scorn,
 The swift, wide river flowed and barred all ways.*





*O, City of the Hills, so dear, so fair!
 Not of the past alone that picture seems;
 Still, still I see the vision-haunted heights
 Beyond the highway's common dust and glare;
 Still view afar life's unachieved delights,
 Nor cross the parting current save in dreams.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

George Meason Whicher.



A MIDLAND MUSICIAN.

BY ELIZABETH HODGE.

IT IS LATE in the afternoon of a day in early spring on the shore of Lake Michigan. One strolls along the winding avenue, — passing stately residences, bounded occasionally by hedges and beds of daffodils and hyacinths on one side, by the sidewalk on another, and on the third by deep ravines, in which are found in spring and autumn nature's "wee shy things."

These ravines, now delicate with tints of green and brown, are spanned by rustic bridges. On one of these bridges the stroller pauses, looking down into the gorge whose sides are scarcely visible for the dense undergrowth. There is the fragrant odor of fresh earth, and of the hyacinths and daffodils. In the distance sparkle the ever-changing waters of the lake, and over all broods the tender blue of the sky. While standing thus you hear a voice as pure and melodious as that of an angel. You start from your reverie to seek a glimpse of the owner of the wonderful voice. The song seems to drop from the sky. The musician chants on. It seems to say, "O holy! holy!" "O hear; O hear!" "Clear away; clear away!" The prolonged notes are interspersed with the most delicate trills and interludes. It is a peace-bringing voice suggesting to the listener the solemn thankfulness and joy one attains in his best moments. After peering for a long time through the bushes you spy a tiny thrush whose back is a clear olive-brown, becoming reddish brown on the tail. This is the hermit thrush, a bird scarcely recognized by our great ornithologists. It is a rare bird, of shy, secluded habits, found in the Midland and Eastern states, during the period of song, only in the deepest and most remote forests, often in damp and swampy localities. For this reason the people in the Adirondack region call it the "Swamp Angel." Its habits, being those of a recluse, account for the prevalent ignorance concerning it.

Wilson and Audubon bestow unbounded praises on the *wood-thrush*, but have little to say of the *hermit*.

John Burroughs thus compares the cousins: "The cast of the hermit's song is very much like that of the wood-thrush, and a good observer might easily confound the two. But hear them together and the difference is quite marked; the song of the hermit is in a higher key, and is more wild and ethereal. His instrument is a silver horn which he winds in the most solitary places. The song of the wood-thrush is more golden and leisurely. Its tone comes near to that of some rare stringed instrument. One feels that perhaps the wood-thrush has more compass and power, if he would only let himself out, but on the whole he comes a little short of the pure, serene, hymn-like strain of the hermit. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of cities and pride of civilization seemed trivial and cheap."

His is not a proud, gorgeous strain like that of the tanager's or the gross-beak's. I fancy that birds, like people, show their individuality and character in their voices. Sometimes one hears the hermit's song rising from the deep woods a quarter of a mile away; this song the lover of nature will never forget. It was my privilege to reside for four years in a suburb of Chicago, where the dense undergrowth of the ravines was a favorite haunt for dozens of these feathered musicians. During that time I never saw the bird. Few are permitted to see him, only the most patient observers being rewarded by an occasional glimpse of the shy recluse. Few who have listened to the hermit's matin and vesper hymns for years know what bird produced them.

UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

(*The Chadron, Nebraska, Journal Philosopher's Conclusions down to Date.*)

FOR THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

De worl' am de hardes' massa yoh eber
get, chile.

True worth am mos' always a stranger
in he own town.

Seems laik de bigges' part ob some
men am deir lungs.

Strange dat some men am always tryin'
to mek cohn grow in de weed patch.

De bravery ob a good many men am in
proportion to de length ob deir legs.

De dog dat luk de bes' in de house
aint always de bes' in de possum hunt.

It aint gwine to mek any diffunce wif
Sain' Peter whedder yoh wear broadcloth
or overalls, bredderen.

De man who sleep late in de mornin'
aint laik to answer many questions 'bout
where he wah de night befoh.

It doan follow dat kase a man cry
"amen" mighty loud in de prayer
meetin', he cyarnt tell de diffunce between
de ace ob di'mon's an' de king ob clubs.

A SOUTHERN LULLABY.

Blackbird in de marsh am singin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Banjo on de air am tummin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Mammy's blackbird in de nes'
Close he little eyes an' res'
Safe from hahrm on mammy's breas',—
Hush yoh, honey, hush.

Ain't no cotton-fiel's in dreamlan';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Ain't no blacksnake in de Marse han';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Ain't no cohn-fiel's dah to hoe,
Ain't no lizzards on de fio',
Dahkies' heahrt ain't ache no moh,—
Hush yoh, honey, hush.

Sand-man in de boat am comin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Cos' yoh eyelids am a-closin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
He tek meh picannini' han'
An' sail away to odder lan'
Wha' de dreamlan' tree done stan',—
Hush yoh, honey, hush.

Blackbird in de mahrsch stop singin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Banjo on de air stop tummin';
Hush yoh, honey, hush.
Mammy's little chile am sleepin',
Happy little dream am dreamin',
'Til de sun again am beamin',—
Hush yoh, honey, hush.

COTTON FIELD SONG.

Better move youah fingers mighty lively,
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas';)
Better hush youah singin', chile, so gayly,
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas'.)
Ol' massa am a-comin' wif de black-snake in
he han',
He brow am mighty cloudy an' he watchin'
ebery man,
Foh cotton an' not mercy am de king ob dis
heah lan'.

(Pick, pick, pick, pick,
Doan stop, wohrk quick,
Doan sing, doan kick,
Jes' pick!)

Aint better wish youahself a free man,
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas';)
Else youah ankles feel de heavy iron bau',
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas'.)
Foh massa am a-watchin' ob de luk dat's in
youah eye;
He know you am a-thinkin' yoh will run 'way
byne-bye,
An' he tell yoh so at evenin' when he raise he
whip sq high.

(Pick, pick, pick, pick,
Doan stop, wohrk quick,
Doan sing, doan kick,
Jes' pick!)

Pretty soon de sun done stop he shinin'
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas';)
An' de cat-bird in de twilight will be whinin',
(Pick, dahkies, pick de cotton fas'.)
Ol' massa will be sleepin' in he house up on
de hill,
De dahkies light de cohn-cob an' fohget de
cotton-fiel',
An' sing an' play de fiddle in de moonlight
cool an' still,

(Pick, pick, pick, pick,
Doan stop, wohrk quick,
Doan sing, doan kick,
Jes' pick!)

Regret cyarnt call back de hahrsh
wohrd, honey.

De mule may cut he ears short, but
everybody know him when he ope he
mouf.

De man who plant de mos' kernels in
de cohn-hill aint always get de mos'
cohn.

Is offen wondered, bredderen, why it
am dat some men would rather do a
thing wrong when it am jes' as easy to do
it right.

It mek a heap ob diffunce in de self-
respec' ob some men whedder dey am
caught in de watermelon patch or get
away wifout bein' seen.

HOME THEMES.

JENNIE HANGING UP CLOTHES.

Bridget the washing is doing,
And Jennie must assist.—
 An oh! that twist
 Of her wrist
 Sun-kissed,
As she stands there hanging up clothes!
The clothes-lines they reach
From pear tree to peach,
And the orchard is in bloom;
But the sweetest flower in that sweet place
Is Jennie's face,—

 And oh! that twist
 Of her wrist
 Sun-kissed,
As she stands there hanging up clothes!

Jennie is pretty—the sun thinks that,
By the way he stares 'neath the brim of her
 hat;

And her dainty slipper plainly shows
As, pln in hand, she stands on her toes,—
 And oh! that twist
 Of her wrist
 Sun-kissed,

As she stands there hanging up clothes!

But Jennie will marry the banker's son!
She'll never again charm me
By hanging up clothes in the orchard, where
Lines reach from tree to tree;
And then in place of the sun on her face
She'll have a parasol trimmed with lace;

 And oh! 'twill be missed—
 That twist of her wrist
 Sun-kissed.—

No more she'll be hanging up clothes!

—CARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM.

Clinton, Iowa.

A TRILBY GROAN FROM A MOTHER.

BY MRS. W. W. GIST.

The "Trilby Musings" and the editorial comment on the same subject in the last MIDLAND have aroused one more reader of "Trilby" to express her views.

Unlike Dr. Riale, I was conscious of no "angelic purpose" from the reading of the book, but the purpose that was uppermost with me was to return the book before the young people of the household could lay hands upon it.

The author confesses that his book is hardly "fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all." In the name of the same "ubi-

quitous young person," and many persons not so young, I want to enter a protest against more books of this stripe being "let loose upon us." The story is interestingly told, and the free and easy life of Bohemia has a certain charm, but it is a life of dissipation, if not of positive debauchery. The three heroes whose virtues are so highly extolled—and virtues they certainly had—proceed to "liqueur up" on all occasions, and are thought nothing less of if taken home and put to bed decidedly boozy. After a life of this kind, two of them, and others of their companions whose lives have been far from irreproachable, marry sweet, pure-minded girls, and live happy ever after. I object to having such a life held up before our boys as any fit preparation to become husbands of pure, virtuous girls. The fact that these things do happen in every-day life is no apology for having them written out and painted by a master hand of genius and scattered broadcast to poison the minds of thousands. Alas! that genius should be so used! It is a prostitution of high and noble gifts. To me the only redeeming feature about the book, the only thing of real value, is the strange hypnotic influence of Svengali over Trilby. In view of the recent developments in the line of hypnotism, we cannot doubt but there may be a scientific basis for the story. In fact, a recent writer affirms that Trilby had an original in a famous prima donna, who was influenced and ruled by a beastly but talented musician like Svengali, and that they were both known to the novelist in his early manhood. However this may be, I am inclined to think the hypnotism in the book among the possibilities, and therefore interesting from a scientific standpoint. But even this might have had a different setting. Even this fact or theory cannot redeem the book. The clergymen whom he introduces, and whom he makes a type of the class, are a travesty on real manhood and on a

class of men who, though not without weak and unworthy representatives, have yet done more by noble, unselfish lives and simple faith in God to better humanity than all the realistic novelists who have by their trenchant pens laid bare the weaknesses and follies of men and women.

Maurice Thompson, in a recent article in *The Independent*, says: "I want to know who it is that is morally benefited by reading these so-called great purpose novels, with the social sin for their burden. I want some precious scamp, some roué, some Lothario, to walk up to the counter and say that the reading of a novel of sin made a clean man of him. I want some debauched wife, some incorrigible girl, . . . to tell how she read and was reformed. If none of these can speak, then let some sweet, pure wife, mother, daughter, say how she bettered herself with perusing the shameful record of unholy passion. I want to find and consult with the people whom these novelists of lechery have purified and exalted. . . . I can put them all in a dry gourd and rattle them like peas. Men and women who can be reformed, etherealized, exalted, and made over again by such agencies, are the merest desiccated vagaries of irresponsible imaginations; they are not flesh-and-blood people."

How refreshing to turn from such unhealthy views of life and from the sort of cold philosophy in "Ships that Pass in the Night," and "A Bird of Passage," to some of our recent Scottish writers. In the "Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Mac-

Laren, we are given an entirely different outlook. There is nothing there but what is helpful and ennobling. The "Stickit Minister," by Crockett, was one of God's noblemen, and the other sketches in the book combine the most delicate humor with bits of pathos, and underlying all there is a vein of seriousness, showing a real purpose and a grand one. J. M. Barrie is another author whose every page is clean, sweet and wholesome. These writers have an indescribable charm and freshness about them, and something that indeed "urges us on with an angelic purpose."

Osage, Iowa.

A LULLABY.

BY M. H. UNDERWOOD.

Winky, blinky,
Little Pinky,
Sleep has waved her rod;
Eyelids showing
You are going
To the land of Nod.
Starlight shining,
Curls entwining
Round my baby's brow;
Mama's treasure,
Papa's pleasure,—
Sleep has claimed you now!

Dreaming—dreaming
Of the beaming
Joys of baby-land;
Pleasures flowing,
Flowers growing
Round on every hand.
Bells are ringing,
Fairies singing,
In that land so fair;
Angels keeping
Watch as, sleeping,
Baby wanders there!

Des Moines.



EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MRS. MARY J. REID, of St. Paul, a magazinist of rare talent and wide range, formerly review editor of the *Literary Northwest*—which was last year merged into THE MIDLAND MONTHLY—has been engaged as a regular contributor for THE MIDLAND, and is now in Chicago gathering material for an illustrated paper on "Literary Chicago." Mrs. Reid has an extended personal acquaintance with the literary men and women of our time, a thorough knowledge of the literature of all ages and countries, rare powers of analysis and enthusiastic appreciation of all that is best in literature. Her contributions to this magazine, two in number, have attracted wide attention. The first, "James Whitcomb Riley—A New View of the Hoosier Poet," was in the July number of last year, and the second, "Octave Thanet At Home," appeared in the January number of the present year. These will be followed by an illustrated paper on "Julia C. R. Dorr and some of her Poet Contemporaries," in the June MIDLAND, and another on Edmund Clarence Stedman, which will be published sometime during the present year. Mrs. Dorr is an intimate friend of Mrs. Reid and was recently her guest in St. Paul. The forthcoming paper on Stedman will be enriched by information obtained through personal correspondence with the great poet and critic. Mrs. Reid's able paper on "Stedman and Some of his British Contemporaries," in the *Overland Monthly* for January, was a fitting preparation for the forthcoming critique. So, also, it may be said that this lady's sketch of Mrs. Dorr, in the *April Book Buyer*, but prepares the way for the abler and more extended paper which will next month appear in THE MIDLAND. Mrs. Reid's contributions to this magazine are an additional guaranty that its future numbers will be strong in the literary quality without which the most attractive "features" cannot save a

magazine from ultimate failure. Mrs. Reid's work on THE MIDLAND will also serve to unite more closely than before the new and representative magazine of the Mississippi Valley with the old-time friends of the *Literary Northwest*, scattered through Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

* * *

WHERE is this court of last resort in etiquette to whose decisions the fashion magazines and other periodicals that make a specialty of social conduct are wont to refer every question of so-called "good-form"? How is this court constituted? What is the foundation of its authority? Why should we all of us unquestioningly obey the decrees of this mysterious star chamber? The farthest we can trace this strangely powerful influence upon our lives is back to some editor or to that indefinite phrase, "They say," or "It is considered." When a periodical declares that it is considered good form to do this, that or the other thing that was not considered good form last year, the declaration is, by the many, accepted as a lawyer accepts the statements of his latest law reports. Take an example. The editor of an influential woman's journal declares that, in an elevator, gentlemen will always take their hats off when a lady enters. How does he know? If he will only look about him he can see the gentlest of gentlemen retain his hat as a lady enters the elevator, and can see the shoddiest of counterfeit gentlemen with offensive self-consciousness remove his hat. Suppose the elevator is crowded and, as in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, silk hats are the rule, would he have his gentlemen crush their hats together; or hold them up at arm's length? Would he have a dozen or two of his gentlemen take cold as they fly through the air, by exposing their heads, hot from the dry heat of offices, to the drafts which the rapid motion of the elevator makes inevitable? A gentleman of

real dignity and honest worth, a man whose name is known and respected on two continents, was several months ago insulted—if such a man could receive an insult from such a source—by a starched and ironed-out young student of gentility “as she is taught” by book. He was in a hotel elevator with his wife; the halls were cold and he sensibly wore his hat. The young man, on entering the elevator, stared at his betters from head to foot, and then, with marked offensiveness, removed his hat, as much as to say, “I’ll teach this man a primary lesson in politeness.” Nothing would seem to be in worse form than the lifting of a dozen or more hats high in air on the appearance of a lady at the elevator door. A modest lady, going through such an ordeal as the editor of the *Ladies’ Home Journal* would compel, must inwardly feel like exclaiming, “Gentlemen, please don’t pay any attention to me! I’m here on business, like yourselves, and you make me feel supremely uncomfortable.”

* * *

ANOTHER periodical that caters especially to good form declares on authority that the use of a title in addressing the wife of a titled man is “not only unnecessary, but not in good taste,” as for instance, Mrs. General —, or Mrs. Professor —, or Mrs. Doctor —. Offensive to whom? Not to the host of literary folk who have made society the study of a lifetime—Wilkie Collins for example. “Not in good taste”? Why not? Is there anything inherently vulgar in it? In the same town live Colonel Smith, Dr. Smith and Professor Smith. You speak of “Mrs. Smith” and the inquiry arises, “Which Mrs. Smith?” You answer, “Mrs. J. W. Smith,” and you have not answered the question. You answer “Mrs. Colonel Smith,” and you have at last made yourself understood. After a few such experiences you sensibly speak of your neighbors as Mrs. Doctor Smith, Mrs. Colonel Smith, or Mrs. Professor Smith. But some editorial writer, whose knowledge of society is bounded by his set, pronounces your use of the title as in bad taste. By his pronunciamento on

such non-essentials he would excommunicate from his mythical “good society” the actual society which, by the force of its own ability, influence and practical common-sense, rules the actual social world.

* * *

MAX NORDAU’S book on “Degeneracy” has come to the front, helped by recent events in the English literary and social world. Nordau, like Hamlet, finds the world out of joint; but, unlike Hamlet, he enjoys setting it right. He is so sure he knows a “degenerate” when he sees him, that it is amusing to follow him about the field and watch the swing of his sickle. To him the great Wagner and the latest writer of opera bouffe, the high-souled Ibsen and the low-souled Wilde, are together condemned as tainted wethers of the flock meetest for death. Nordau recalls to mind that expressive saying of General Grant, relative to Secretary Stanton, “He was a man who never questioned his own authority.”

* * *

OSCAR WILDE, exponent of the soulless creed of æstheticism, writer of Greekish amatory verse that would put degenerate Greece to shame, maker of society plays which deride virtue as old-fashioned and which condone the society sins that are undermining the social life of England’s metropolis,—Oscar Wilde is dead. Not physically dead, but as a literary factor and as a social power. Passing over the disgusting details of this man’s own self-inflicted undoing, we cannot do less than add our expression of satisfaction with the outcome of the recent trial, the changing of places by which Wilde, the witness for the crown on a charge of criminal libel, became the prisoner at the bar. The important and significant fact is that the man’s power for evil is broken. His plays are in disfavor; his poems are tabooed and his school of self-centered and soulless æsthetics is left without a leader and without a defense. Only a few short weeks ago the malaria of immorality in literature, on the stage and in society seemed irresistible in London and threatened to sweep across the Atlantic

and poison the younger social life of our metropolis. Now, quite chopfallen, the disseminators of moral pestilence are morally dead and buried and none do them reverence! It really looks as though Tennyson's plea for nobler manners, purer laws, might have in it something of prophecy.

* * *

IF PLAYERS and playwrights would try as hard to ennoble the drama as the press, the magazine writers and the play-goers are trying to think only good of them and their work, there would straightway be a reform on the stage that would perform wonders in its effects upon popular morals.

* * *

ALL who are interested in the movement for municipal reform heartily rejoice in the recent victory of the cause of good government in Chicago—not the election of one man or set of men over another, but the popular vote by which the police force of that city was taken out of politics and placed upon a basis of merit regardless of the ins and outs of local politicians. Every city in the country should follow the lead of Chicago in this respect.

* * *

LOVERS of midland scenery will take pride in sending this number to their friends in other parts of the country, showing them that this vast midland region between the mountains is not a monotonous stretch of level land, but is rich in beautiful scenery—diversified with picturesque lakes, noble rivers, high bluffs and cliffs, castellated rocks and hills and mountains, quite as beautiful as the Skiddaw and Helvellyn of the lake country poets. State Geologist Calvin and others have done the midland country a service by bringing out, through *THE MIDLAND*, a portion of this rich scenery.

* * *

THE recent death of W. Jennings Demorest, editor of *Demorest's Magazine*, and a prominent temperance reformer and member of the national prohibition party, removes from our social and political life a force that made itself felt by

thousands—a force that was ever exerted for what, to W. Jennings Demorest, seemed best.

* * *

AMERICAN pastellists and aquarellists have been given three galleries of the south corridor of the Art Institute, in Chicago, and four hundred paintings have been selected as representative pictures. These works of art were put on exhibition on the 12th ult., and the occasion was an event in the art history of the West. Many of the paintings showed the powerful influence of the impressionist school in the fidelity of treatment to the unwritten rules of the great master-painter—Nature.

* * *

THE EXTENT and intensity of the "Trilby" craze may be faintly guessed at on reading the following verse, kindly sent us by Mary Sollace Saxe, of Montreal, Canada:

UNDER THE SPELL.

Born of a master-artist's brain,
A creature full of life and fire,
A spotless soul, though earthly stain
Our loving pity doth inspire.
That queenly head, those classic feet,
Enchantress of the studio,
Thy dreamland notes, so wondrous sweet,—
Ah, Trilby, dear, we love thee so!

* * *

THE average height of the soldiers in the victorious Japanese army is under five feet. What a sensation a regiment of stalwart midlanders would create were they to appear upon the scene in the course of one of the pigmy battles between the Chinese and the Japanese! The stalwart midlander is no myth. He is in evidence everywhere. A Des Moines insurance man measuring six feet six recently took up his residence in Erie, Pa. The president of the Iowa Agricultural College measures six feet four. The youngest member of the Iowa delegation in congress is over six feet in height and weighs over two hundred pounds. A family of eight brothers, seven of whom reside in Kansas and one in Grinnell, Iowa, had a reunion in Cedar Rapids recently. Their combined weight was there taken and found to be 1,768 pounds, an average weight of 221 pounds. Every

one of these stalwarts is more than six feet tall.

* * *

A STRAW showing the way the wind is setting in, in the world of art, is the recent removal of the celebrated artist, Frederick W. Freer, from New York back to his old home in Chicago. Ten years ago Mr. Freer would have almost starved, body and soul, had he remained in Chicago and tried to live by art.

* * *

NOAH BROOKS, in his interesting Lincoln papers in the *Century*, speaks of the President's disappointment on the night after election, because he could not hear from Illinois and Iowa. The desire to hear from the Mississippi valley states has grown with every presidential election and will be greater than ever next year, when the great political parties are more than likely to select their presidential candidates from the Mississippi valley.

* * *

MISS HODGE, of West Union, daughter of Reverend Doctor Hodge, deceased, himself an ornithologist of some note in his time, makes us acquainted, in the present number of *THE MIDLAND*, with a delightful summer neighbor—the Hermit thrush. One might live within fifty feet of this rare singer's summer home and yet never see his neighbor. Why is it that all the sweetest singing birds are the most modest and retiring?

* * *

THE best joke Mark Twain tells at his own expense is of the satisfaction he experienced when informed that during the last year Mr. Darwin's life the great scientist read almost nothing but the works of Mark Twain,—a satisfaction modified by subsequent information that during this last year Mr. Darwin was afflicted with mental atrophy "and couldn't read anything but drivel."

* * *

THE East continues to discuss, and sleep on, the question of co-education. The great midland region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains

has settled that question for itself for all coming time.

* * *

FROM Butte, Montana, comes to us a catalogue containing the names of nearly sixteen thousand books in the handsome public library building of that city. Only a few years ago Butte was interested in almost everything except libraries. The Wild West isn't much in evidence now, except under canvas and in so-called realistic literature.

* * *

COLLEGE students as entertainers have added an interesting feature to our social life. College athletics attract thousands; large audiences are drawn by glee club concerts; and now comes Iowa College, Grinnell, with a Shakspearean play. "The Merchant of Venice," as produced in Des Moines a few nights ago, was presented with a degree of dramatic finish unlooked for in amateur performances. Always excepting the great masters of the stage, there are not many professional actors who develop very much more of the subtle quality we speak of as Shakspearean, than was brought out by the Grinnell "Shylock," "Bassanio" and "Launcelot Gobbo."

* * *

BETTER times ahead! Present faith in the future is all that is now needed to make the wheels go round.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"As it is now over six months since the MS. was accepted and it has not as yet appeared, I am wondering a little as to what you propose doing with it." As it came too late for last summer's numbers and is best adapted to a summer number, we are holding it for a more convenient season. Let patience have its perfect work.

If you find it necessary to write to the editor about any manuscript in his hands, you will save much time at his end of the correspondence by giving the name of the MS., and stating that it is a story, a poem, a descriptive paper or—whatever kind of contribution it may be.

All unsuccessful contributors to the last cash prize competition have received, or will soon receive, their MSS. back,

whether return postage was or was not enclosed with the same. The unsuccessful contributors to the next competition which closes June 30 (or July 1) will not receive their MSS. back unless they enclose return postage. This seems a small matter to the individual contributor, but when we state that THE MIDLAND'S postage runs up to hundreds of dollars a quarter, it will be seen that contributors cannot expect the editor to ignore the general rule of all periodicals—that MSS. are not returnable unless accompanied by postage.

Again—don't roll your manuscript. Rolled MSS. provoke profanity all along the line, from compositor to copy-holder.

"I have been waiting to see the paper on 'Dry Tortugas,' which you announced for your March number. When will it appear?" Thus inquires an old soldier who visited the island after the War. In explanation we are compelled to state that we accepted and paid for the paper on "Dry Tortugas." We also purchased engravings for its illustration and a portrait of the author. A request came from the author for the manuscript that she might revise it. The paper was sent to the author in New York city, and in about ten days the copy was returned to us. We had just laid it out for the printer when, glancing over the Boston *Ideas*, the editor of THE MIDLAND noticed the heading which was identical with the one he had put upon the article. On comparing the text with the copy before him, imagine his surprise on finding that the printed matter and the written were identical, even to the inclusion of his own editorial suggestions to the author! Of course, there was nothing left to the editor but to drop "Dry Tortugas,"—at least until such time as a paper equally good, or better, shall be offered by some one who is content with once disposing of the manuscript.

"Nomen" and the rest should know that no self-respecting periodical can pay any attention to anonymous contributions.

To A. J. S.:—Though Rosetti does try to make "befall" rhyme with "sundial," and though every poet that ever lived may at times have been caught napping, that is no excuse for repeatedly strained rhymes and broken rhythm. When one sets out to make blank verse, he must see that its rhythm be good, and when one sets out to make rhyme, a failure in both rhythm and rhyme is a signal and total failure. Strokes of genius have been known to redeem bad versification, but, like strokes of lightning, they haven't been alarmingly frequent of late.

To E. J. S.—No, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has nothing whatever to do with the "Midland Publishing Company," or the "Midland Advertising Agency," and its editor and publisher knows nothing whatever about those companies, except that they cause some confusion in his daily mail, necessitating this announcement, coupled with a general request that letters intended for us be plainly addressed to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, or to its editor and publisher.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Century* for April, in a vigorous plea for the gold standard, says it will not do for us, as a people, to say that we will take silver because we like it better. "We must use the money which the rest of the world likes best, or we cannot trade with the rest of the world." Japan, China and South America find no difficulty in the way of trade with Great Britain, Germany and the other great commercial nations of the world. Even while the presses of the *Century* were running off its plea for the gold standard the shrewd commercial statesmen of England and Germany were casting their eyes across the intervening American continent and wondering what would become of their merchant princes' rich trade with Japan and China and the islands on the other side of the globe, and wondering how much longer the great American republic could be kept, by its fears and its veneration for old-world wisdom, into line with the monometalists and so be kept from its own—the fast-growing commerce of the Pacific ocean. A Mr. Connors, "in lighter vein," in another part of the *Century*, suggestively tells of a man who built himself a house without doors and then complained that he had no visitors! Here we are, next door to the East, eager to exchange our surplus for the rich surplus products of the East, and yet we are almost as foolish. The gold monometalist in America would close the Golden Gate against this mutually profitable exchange.

* * *

THE *Century* should convene its corps of Napoleonic artists, Castaigne, Pape, Myrbach, Thulstrup, Courboin, Chartier, and the rest, and lock them in until they agree upon a typical Napoleon in outward appearance, leaving to the learned doctors the old disagreement as to the moral qualities of the man. Down to date it is hard to determine, from the beautiful and separately charming engravings these artists have given us, whether the Corsican was tall and slender as Lincoln, or short and stout as McKinley, mild-faced as one

of Raphael's cherubs, or wild-eyed and fierce as Black Hawk.

Mr. W. T. LARNED will, in the May *Lippincott's* announce his discovery that there is no more a Wild West. A large part of our standing army "has secured sedentary occupation in the East, and the West is becoming commonplace and agricultural." Paraphrasing an old aphorism, we might add: Happy is the region that is permitted the undisturbed enjoyment of the commonplace.

IN THE April *Overland*, Mr. Freeman E. Miller has a poem which vividly pictures the pioneers who, in '49 and later, trod the path of empire across our prairies and the far western mountains. In his mind's eye he sees a halo around—

"The white-topped wagons of the pioneers
Who walked the desert ways for dreams of gold."

THE *Review of Reviews*,—its editor, Doctor Shaw, himself a graduate of Iowa College,—speaking of the keen interest felt in college athletics, especially in the East, notes one marked feature of college life in the West, namely college oratory. We quote: "Intercollegiate oratorical contests in the Western states have had a marked influence upon the subsequent careers of hosts of young men. Recent congresses have had among their brightest speakers several Western gentlemen who won their first spurs as prize orators in the intercollegiate contests. It is enough to mention such brilliant exemplars of oratory as Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska. A great number of others, who have come easily to the forefront in the Western state legislatures and in high state offices, could easily be named."

IN THE May *Chautauquan*, M. Melinand will tell us "why we laugh." Our best guess at the conundrum is as follows: Because of the recent copious rains; because congress is safely adjourned and the country is free from the immediate possibility of further unsettling legislation; and, personally, because the representative magazine of the midland region is coming into its own,—a general recognition of its representative quality.

IT WAS fortunate that the April *Century* contained a full and well illustrated description of the laboratory of Nikola Tesla, and of the great electrician's Oscillator and other inventions, for, about the time

of the issuance of the number, the laboratory with its contents was destroyed by fire. The young Skandinavian is clearly one of the foremost men of our age. No other career gives quite as much of promise as his for the future of applied science. His oscillator is described by Mr. Martin in the *Century* as not simply a new practical device, but a new implement of scientific research. With it he extracts electricity from the earth and directs it where he will—even through the human body, surrounding it with a strange halo effect. In thus lighting by phosphorescence, Tesla has reached untrodden ground. He already produces light strong enough to photograph by, thus inviting an endless variety of experiments. One already demonstrated result attained by Tesla's invention is the merging of engine and dynamo into one apparatus. It strips the engine of all its governing mechanism—governor-balls, fly-wheel, eccentrics, etc., making the oscillatory currents regulate the mechanical motions. In steadiness of vibration it surpasses the governor of an engine; it is "steady as a clock." Great as is this present gain to applied science, the possibilities of the invention are greater. Undaunted by reverses, Tesla has already begun to rebuild and to re-embody his inventions in mechanical forms.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Elizabeth K. Reynolds, of Springfield, Ill., whose poem, "Love and Sorrow" graces this number, has a fine poem on "Brotherhood" in the *Advance* of April 4th, and is the author of a number of rare ballads set to music and sung upon the concert and operatic stage. Her latest composition, "Hither Thy Lover Cometh," is sung by the popular Miss Helen Yaw.

HAMILTON W. MARIE, editor of *The Outlook*, and one of the choicest literary spirits of the age, is to be commencement orator at Grinnell this summer.

MARK TWAIN'S "Puddin' Head Wilson" has been dramatized by Frank Mayo. It ought to go better as a play than as a story. It has dramatic situations but, somehow, as a story it hitches.

PROFESSOR WHITCOMB, of the chair of Sociology and Economics, at Highland Park College, Des Moines, reveals rare descriptive and dramatic power in the story, "My Friend Franz," which adorns this number.

HARRY C. BAKER, another bright young journalist of Cincinnati, on the list of contributors to THE MIDLAND, has just pub-

lished a song entitled "Dreamlove," which Mr. J. Aldrich Libbey, of New York, is singing into popularity. It is published by J. Aldrich Libbey & Co., New York.

THE TWO great midland composers, De Koven and Smith, of Chicago, have made a hit in the East with their latest comic opera, "Rob Roy."

ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES promises us a literary paper in the near future. The friends of Mrs. Jones and admirers of her brilliant character study, "Beatrice," will be pleased to know that the author is engaged in the work of preparing it for publication in book form, a prominent

publisher having made her a desirable offer for the story.

Mr. William Francis Barnard, whose poem, "A Desire," is his latest contribution to THE MIDLAND, and whose poetry has found ready acceptance in the leading periodicals of the country,—the latest to come to our notice appearing in *The Independent* of April 18,—is a Chicago poet of steadily increasing gifts and fame.

Lu B. Cake, a popular MIDLAND contributor, has published in New York a railroad man's song, "The Bright Little Lantern I Swing," which seems to be taking, having already reached a second edition.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Would you know more about Russia?—not about the Russian government; not about the exile system, but about the real Russia—the Russian people in their native towns and in their homes? If so, read "Russian Rambles,"** written by Isabel F. Hapgood, author of "The Epic Songs of Russia," and translator of Count Tolstoy's works. Miss Hapgood has lived with this people and "knows them like a book." She wonders why she must abuse Russia if she would be popular in America. Mme. Emma de Konchine, in a letter to THE MIDLAND's editor, commenting on the prevalent misunderstanding of Russia and the Russians (which she hopes in some measure to remove by future contributions to this magazine), said she found the prevalent American judgment upon Russia was chiefly based upon what she regarded as the exaggerations, given large publicity by the lectures and magazine articles of Mr. George Kennan. Miss Hapgood pronounces much that is written of that country based upon either error or falsehood. She herself "imported into Russia untaxed, undiscovered by the custom house officials, a goodly stock of misadvice, misinformation, apprehension and prejudices, like most foreigners." Miss Hapgood indulges in few generalizations, content to present life pictures and let them tell their own story. She found the Russians, not as Napoleon described them, Tartars in disguise, but possessed of "a naturally simple, sympathetic disposition and manner, as a rule, tinged with a friendly warmth, whose influence is felt as soon as one crosses the frontier." Her pictures of Russian life at a summer resort, on a Volga steamer,

at the Novgorod fair, in Moscow and elsewhere, are vivid and entertaining. To those who have read Miss Hapgood's translations of Tolstoy, the most entertaining part of the work will be the chapters, "A Stroll in Moscow with Count Tolstoy," and "Count Tolstoy at Home." She does not agree with the prevalent opinion that the great author and reformer is "crazy," or "not quite right in his head." She thinks "the inevitable conclusion of anyone who talks with him is that he is simply a man with a hobby or an idea . . . an uncomfortable theory of self-denial."

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Diplomates," a comedy in four acts, translated by H. L. Williams from the French play "Diplomacy," by Victorien Sardou. In paper. T. S. Denison, publisher, Chicago.

"Erasmus" (Desideri Erasmi, Roterdami, Convivia e Conloquiis Familiaribus Selecta), edited with notes and vocabulary by Victor S. Clark, Lit. B., non-resident fellow, Chicago University. Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.; mailing price, 55 cents.

"Law of Heat; Supplement; Original Observations and Discovery; The New Science; Ice Theory in Connection with Molten Rivers," by Mary Remington Hemiup, author and publisher, Geneva, New York.

"Oklahoma and Other Poems," by Freeman E. Miller, A. M., Stillwater, Oklahoma, with portrait. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, New York.

"Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, with introduction by Mowbray Morris. Macmillan & Co., New York. \$1.25.

*Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; sold by L. B. Abdlill, Des Moines, \$1.50.



THE FIRST HOTEL IN PIERRE, 1882.

THE CITY OF PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

BY DE LORME W. ROBINSON.

PIERRE is unique—there is no other city of the name in the world. Scarcely less unique is it in its important position in the great Upper Missouri Valley, almost the geographical center of South Dakota. It is also important as being the Capital of the State, and located in the heart of the finest stock-growing region in the world. Its site is rich in Indian antiquities. Its surroundings are full of thrilling history. It was the center of population and a general camping-ground in prehistoric times. Upon ancient remains the Mandans and Rees built their homes. Later, at the advent of the white man, the Dakotahs, or a federation of the Sioux, had a central village at this place, and here chose a point for crossing the Missouri. Here they congregated, crossed and recrossed on their hunts and wanderings, and made this a common station when on their pilgrimages to the Indian Mecca—the sacred Pipestone quarry. An early explorer puts the number of wigwams at the time of his visit at six hundred, representing a camping population of four to six thousand people.

In 1805, when Lewis and Clark made their exploring voyage of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, they stopped at the mouth of the Teton (now Bad river), which empties into the Missouri opposite Pierre, met the hostile bands of Teton Sioux, and passed on. In 1832 George Catlin visited the bands which congregated here, painted portraits of leading chiefs, and sketched their village. Meantime the American Fur Company had established a station here and erected a stockade. Among the more enterprising of these new arrivals was Pierre Choteau, for whom the city of Pierre was named. The property of the American Fur Company passed into the hands of the government, and was named Fort Pierre. It now became a place of national interest—a government out-station in the heart of a populous Indian country. It was a center of trade for the Indian, the hunter, the trapper, the fur-trader. The United States government authorities here heard the Indians' complaints and entered into treaties with them. Here the explorer Nicollet left behind him the last vestige of civilization

on his voyage of discovery. From this point Frémont started on his mountain explorations. In the years 1855-6 twelve hundred men under General Harney made this their winter quarters.

The discovery of gold in the Black Hills brought thousands of gold-seekers to this point, for it was on the nearest route to the new Eldorado. The trail of the Indian and trapper was quickly transformed into a famous highway of civilization. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway pushed its line steadily from the Mississippi to this point. It reached the east bank of the Missouri in October, 1880, laid out its town site, and erected its warehouses.

With the railway came an increased amount of heavy freight. The warehouses were constantly crowded with machinery for the mine or the stamp-mill, and food stuffs and clothing for the miner. The conveyance of this freight for the Black Hills continued up to 1886. Business interests were increased and prospered by it. Support was given to an increased population of the city. Fully fifteen hundred oxen and mules were used in transporting these materials, and

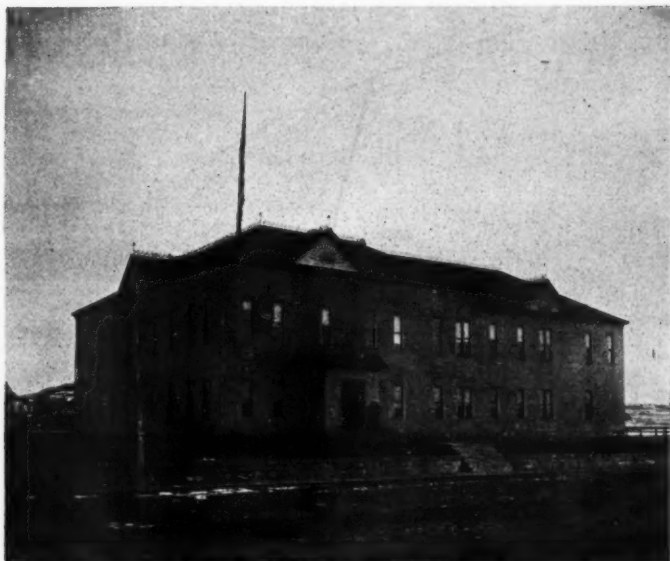
carrying mail and passengers. From two to four hundred men were employed in this work. Meantime, during the years 1883 and 1884, came a rush of land and home seekers to Dakota. The town grew rapidly, and in 1883 became a city.

The site of Pierre is beautiful. The business portion is built on a long, wide valley, which extends for miles along the river and back to the foot of a series of natural terraces. Much of the river bank is skirted with timber, and near the business sites is a beautiful natural grove, used by the city as a park. Back of the valley comes a succession of terraces or plateaus, with here and there a gentle hill-slope or a ravine. These terraces reach the height of about three hundred feet. On the lowest of them, and overlooking the business portion of the city, are churches, residences, schools, and other buildings for public use.

The view from the highest terrace is extensive, the perspective beautifully picturesque. Before you is a long stretch of several miles of level valley, dotted with groves and skirted with timber, the Missouri unusually wide and tortuous,



COURT HOUSE, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

with Farm Island—a gift from the United States government to the city of Pierre—thickly wooded with large timber, and, nearer by, Rivier's and Marion's Islands in full view. Directly across the Missouri is the wooded outlet and valley of the Teton (Bad) river, winding away in and out through the hills to the west, and nestled down at the foot of the bluffs of the Missouri, near the mouth of the Teton, is the young sister city of Fort Pierre, vigorous and hopeful, a descendant of the old Fort Pierre, which was a little farther up the valley of the Missouri. And then, to complete the view, the long, winding, rugged bluffs, with here and there a break or a glimpse of a prairie butte, as they follow the course of the Missouri so far as the eye can reach.

For energy and push against odds and adverse circumstances Pierre has been justly named "The Peerless City." Her citizens are ever watchful of her interests. Their harmony, public spirit and energy

made it possible for them to secure the opening of nearly eleven million acres of land of the great Sioux reservation for settlement. The same energy and tact brought success in a vigorous contest with seven other cities of the state for temporary seat of government—a contest in which she came out victor by twelve thousand plurality. Later, the contest for the permanent Capital of the State ended in her favor after a splendidly conducted campaign.

The first buildings to arrest the eye as you approach the city are Pierre University and the Government Industrial Indian School—the University situated on a commanding position on the higher plateau, the Government Industrial School in the valley below.

Pierre University was organized in 1883, and is under the control of the Presbyterian Synod of South Dakota. It is an institution in which the city takes much pride. Its establishment was among the earlier enterprises. Its president, Rev. William M. Blackburn, D. D.,



SECTION OF PONTOON BRIDGE, BETWEEN PIERRE
AND FORT PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

LL. D.,* is among the ablest educators of his time. His efforts are seconded by energetic and competent instructors in the several departments.

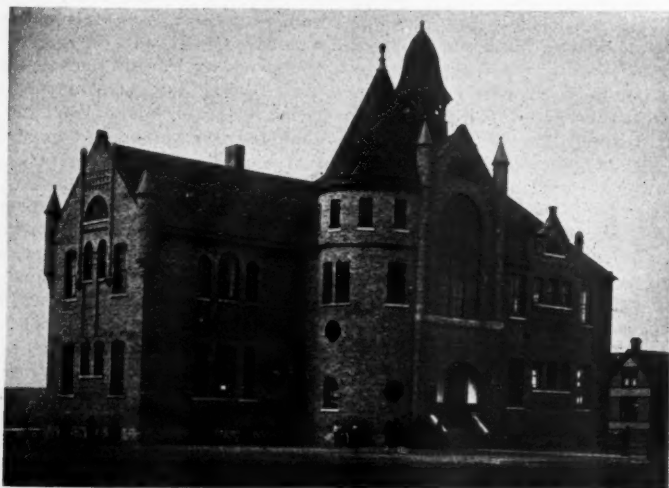
The intention of the commissioners of the United States government in locating the Indian Industrial School in this city was to make it more than a school of primary instruction. It was intended for

* Dr. Blackburn's portrait appears in an illustrated article on "Artesian Wells and Irrigation in the Dakotas," in *THE MIDLAND* of May, 1894.

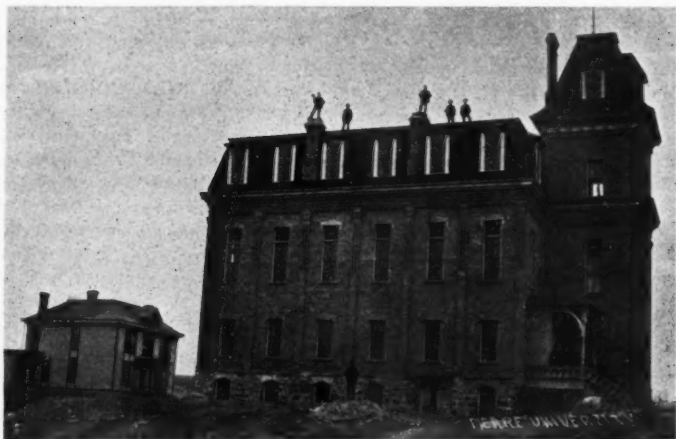
a university for the Sioux nation. Not only are the primary branches taught, but instruction is given in normal, industrial and academic branches. The original appropriation of sixty thousand dollars, added to from time to time, has provided the young Sioux an excellent educational home. Among the most important of the recent improvements in this school was the sinking of an artesian well on the building site of twenty acres. This well proved to be one of the most remarkable wells ever sunk. Its product is a flow of about six hundred gallons per minute of a strongly medicinal, mineral, saline water, and with it a flow of natural gas equal to one-sixth of the volume of water. Analyses show it to be of much medicinal value and unexcelled for bathing purposes.

The public schools of Pierre are of high standard, the Central High School building containing accommodations for all the grades, the two ward school buildings being models of their kind. The schools are well graded, and a high standard of excellence is maintained.

Pierre has several literary and musical clubs, the Pierre Old Settlers' Historical



CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.



PIERRE UNIVERSITY, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

Society, the Dickens Club, the Hawthorne Club, and the "Entre Nous."

Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans and Catholics all have churches here. The Baptist denomination has just completed an elegant place of worship.

Monetary and business institutions are well represented, with a savings bank, three national banks, several loan companies, a wholesale grocery, bottling works, etc.

The newspapers are the *Free Press*, *Journal*, *Times-Signal*, *Daily Capital* and *Dakota Rustler*.

The Pierre Light and Fuel Company and Pierre Street Railway Company are among the strong corporations. The former manufactures a splendid quality of gas, and the latter provides easy and convenient means of local transportation. Both companies have large property interests and have erected substantial improvements.

The supply of water is not less conducive to the general healthfulness of the city than is the easy and perfect drainage. The water is the purest in the world. It is taken from a well sunk near the banks of the Missouri river. From this well the city obtains an inexhaustible supply of

ice and snow water perfectly leached from the Upper Missouri. The Pierre waterworks is of the Holly reservoir system. It distributes water to the city through a reservoir about two hundred and seventy-five feet above the river.

The city is amply supplied with good hotels. Of these the Locke (now the Locke Hotel Sanitarium), the Park and the Wells House are the best. These hotels are all equipped for the accommodation of such crowds as congregate in



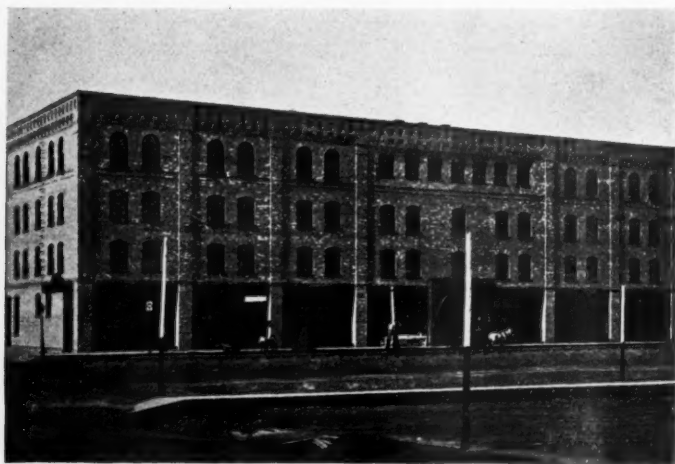
SCENE ON THE TETON (NOW BAD RIVER), NEAR FORT PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

the city during the meeting of the legislature.

The Locke, the largest, is a commodious four-story brick with basement. The building is 165 x 75 feet, and has all the modern conveniences. This hotel has added a commodious plunge bath and other improvements necessary for a thoroughly equipped sanitarium. It is under the management of a company of Pierre citizens. The hotel throughout, the bath in connection with the plunge, are supplied with a strongly medicinal saline water from an artesian well. This well, like that at the Indian Industrial School, has become famous on account of the high percentage of mineral salines held in solution, and its remarkable adaptability to the treatment of large classes of diseases. For bathing purposes the water of this well is unexcelled. Its temperature is 93°, pressure 185 pounds. A remarkable feature is the presence of a large quantity of natural gas, which is used in lighting and heating. The total residue of mineral ingredients contained in solution is many times greater than in most of the celebrated medicinal mineral waters. The water at Hot Springs, S. D.,

which has become so justly famous, contains a total residue of 62.546 grains per gallon. The waters of the Pierre wells contain a total residue of 239.042 grains per gallon. Professor Eaton, chemist of the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Association, who made a careful analysis of the waters at Pierre, said, "The solids in solution in the mineral waters at Pierre are more than double the amount in Yellowstone Park Springs, about four times more in quantity than in Vichy, France, and Hot Springs, Col., and about seven times more than the amount found in the celebrated Hot Springs of Arkansas."

The different mineral waters compared by Professor Eaton, like most of the celebrated mineral waters, are from deep subterranean bodies of water, and find exit to the surface through craters formed by the upheavals in mountain districts. The Hot Springs of South Dakota belong to the same class and are from the same great artesian basin that underlies a large part of the state. The Pierre well taps the basin at probably about the lowest point, twelve hundred feet underneath. The Hot Springs boil out through fissures in the upper crust.



LOCKE HOTEL & SANITARIUM, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.



SCENE ON SHADELAND FARM, NEAR PIERRE.

The analysis made by Professor George H. Clapp, of the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Testing Laboratory, is as follows :

	GRAINS PER GALLON.
Silica.....	1.650
Ferric oxide and alumina.....	.070
Calcium carbonate.....	4.935
Magnesium Carbonate.....	1.835
Sodium carbonate.....	43.368
Calcium chloride.....	.693
Magnesium chloride.....	1.484
Sodium Chloride.....	184.569
Sodium lithate.....	1.250
Sulphates.....	trace
Total solids.....	230.202

Professor James H. Shepard, of South Dakota Agricultural College, and conductor of the United States Experimental Station, says: "This water is not identical with other artesian waters that have come to me. This has a residue of 3.4888 parts per thousand. Most of the other artesian waters have a residue of about 2.4 parts per thousand." The medicinal value of waters of this class is known the world over. The number of the ailing who are annually benefited by their application is almost beyond comprehension. There are more than one hundred wells and springs of this class, varying in medicinal strength, where hundreds go yearly for

relief. Their judicious application has often proven efficacious in many diseases where medical skill had failed, and in many other diseases their use has proven a most valuable adjunct to medical treatment.

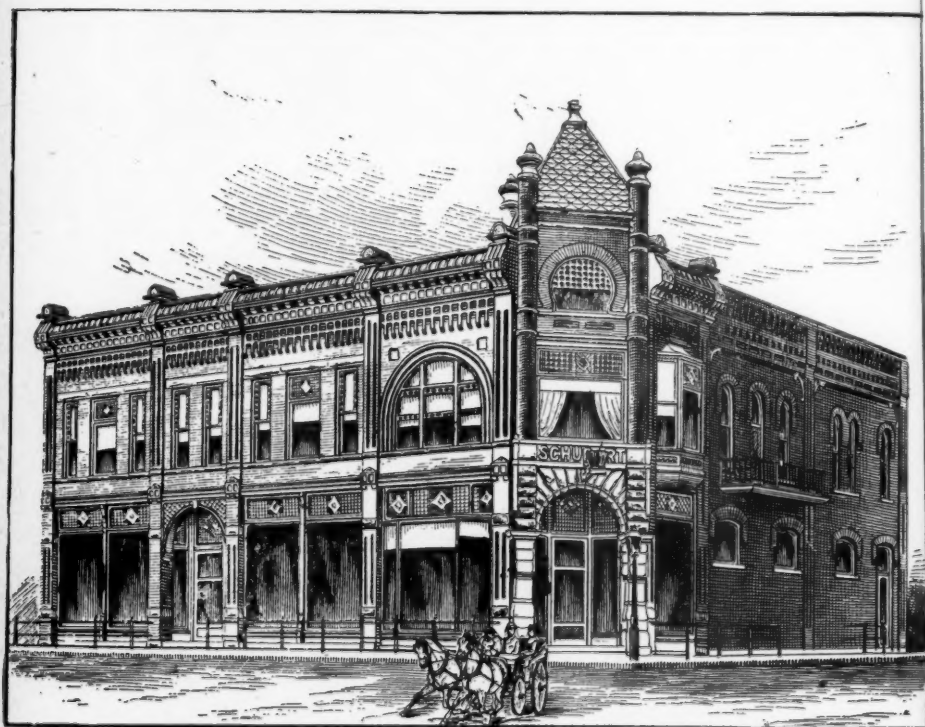
Among the diseases more especially benefited are dyspepsia and all catarrhal diseases of the stomach and bowels, congestive disorders of the liver, spleen and pelvic organs, chronic diseases of the organs of elimination, such as the kidneys and skin, also rheumatism, gout, obesity, scrofula and nervous diseases. In diseases of the skin the curative effect of the bath is very marked; in chronic inflammation of the nose, throat and respiratory track they have been highly recommended. Such baths are remarkably useful in the treatment of chronic rheumatism.

The climate of Pierre and surrounding region is unusually stimulating and healthful. It might be termed the sun-land of the North. The seasons are well defined. The early summer and autumn are delightful; the springtime is fresh and in-

vigorating ; the autumn long, balmy and quiet. The atmosphere is always rare and bracing ; the winters are short. It is a climate adapted to the needs of a large number of invalids, and a most valuable aid to the efficacy of these medicinal waters. Persons who have taken advantage of the facilities of the Locke Hotel Sanitarium have been as a rule richly repaid.

The development of Pierre into one of our great commercial cities is confidently and reasonably looked for. Its growth and importance will keep pace with the

development of the Great Northwest. That the Great Northwest will continue to develop cannot be doubted. The remarkable growth of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City, Des Moines, Denver, Omaha and Kansas City is evidence of western push and a guarantee for the future. The position of Pierre in the great Upper Missouri country is as commanding as the position of any one of these cities, respectively, and its territory is larger. Her past acquirements are numerous and permanent.



THE SCHUBERT BLOCK, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

